Vol. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1894. No. 9.

"A purer, higher form of Christianity is needed, such as will approve itself to men of profound thinking and feeling as the real spring and most efficacious instrument of moral elevation, moral power and disinterested love."— CHANNING.

THE UNITARIAN

A MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

Eliot Rev W G Jan95*

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

CONTENTS.

Daily Bread 385
Edward Everett Hale, D.D.
The Unseen Universe 389
John Page Hopps
The Bases of Religious Belief . . . 392
Eliza R. Sunderland
Religion and Politics. II. 394
S. W. Sample
Christianity and Universal Religion . 397
Stopford W. Brooke
Jews and Hittites *Felix von Lyschan* 400
Beauty: Its Relation to Life and Religion. II. . . . . *G. W. Buckley* 402
"A Liberal Congress? or a New Liberal Sect?" . . . . . *A. N. Alcott* 403
The late Gov. Blair of Michigan . . 407
W. D. Harriman
Charles Gounod . *J. T. Sunderland* 409
A Glance at Two New English Books 413
S. Fletcher Williams
The First Communion 414
L. Ormiston Chant
"Ships that Pass in the Night" *G. S.* 414
Dr. Martineau upon the Christian Name 416
Rev. M. J. Savage on the Atlantic . 417
A Letter from Mrs. Ormiston Chant 419
One Upward Look Each Day 420
Editorial Notes 422

DEPARTMENTS:
Sunday-schools . *Edward A. Horton* 424
Guilds . . . . . *B. R. Bulkeley* 425
Temperance Notes . . *C. R. Eliot* 425
Literary Notes 427

NEWS FROM THE FIELD . . . 429
National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches 431
Jottings 432

GEO. H. ELLIS, PUBLISHER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

WESTERN OFFICE: ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

[*Entered at the Post-office at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.*]

THE UNITARIAN.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT: Articles intended for publication should be addressed to **Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.** All other matter—notes from the churches and items of religious news of every kind—should be sent to **Rev. Frederick B. Mott, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.**

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT: Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent to **Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston,** to whom all drafts and money or express orders should be made payable.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: To subscribers in the United States and Canada, One Dollar a year, in advance, postage free. To foreign subscribers, $1.25 in American money, or 5 shillings in English money.

A PACKAGE of TEN COPIES, to one address, to be used for **missionary purposes,** will be sent for **$5.00.**

SAMPLE COPIES of THE UNITARIAN will be sent free on application.

THE UNITARIAN *will continue to be sent to subscribers until a request is received to discontinue, and until all arrearages are paid.*

PROSPECT HILL SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, GREENFIELD, MASS. This is a Family School of about 30 pupils, on a beautiful estate of 6 acres, in a very healthful location. The dwelling-house has been recently enlarged and fitted with steam throughout, and new and complete drainage. Building provided with Laboratory, Studio, and Music Room. Regular course of 4 years includes English, Classical and Modern Languages, Science, Philosophy, Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music. Advanced Course for graduates of High Schools. Prepares for any College. JAMES C. PARSONS, Principal.

POWDER POINT SCHOOL, DUXBURY, MASS. Prepares Boys for Scientific School, College, or Business. Combines individual teaching with exceptional advantages for home and outdoor life. Laboratories. 50 Boys. F. B. KNAPP, S.B., Principal.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H. For both sexes. Healthful location. Liberal management. Expenses low. Prepares for college, or for teaching, etc. For catalogue, address JAMES F. MORTON, A.M., Principal.

MR. KNAPP'S HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS, PLYMOUTH, MASS. 12 boys, 26th year, H. W. Royal (Harvard), Head Master; Mrs. Knapp, Principal.

FREE READING! Unitarian tracts and other liberal religious literature sent free on application to Miss Ellen A. Call, 35 Summer Street, Lawrence, Mass.

A LADY who has travelled extensively in Europe, and who is going abroad with two children in the fall, would like to take charge of two or three young ladies.

The party will sail the last of October for Genoa, spending a short time in Southern Spain, the winter months at Nice, the spring in the art centres of Italy, and the summer in French Switzerland, returning by way of the Rhine through Germany, sailing from England in September.

Great attention will be given to acquiring the French language, and a careful study will be made of the history and art of the countries visited.

This is a rare opportunity for any one wishing to spend the winter in a delightful climate and at the same time enjoy the advantages of travel and study.

The highest references will be given.

For terms and particulars address MRS. C., Care Editor of *Unitarian*, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Is this a Good World? Four Discourses by MINOT J. SAVAGE. 60 pages. Paper, 25 cents.

CONTENTS: *I. Pain and Goodness; II. Moral Evil and Goodness; III. Dissatisfaction and Goodness; IV. Death and Goodness.*

"Why do Minot Savage's sermons go twice as far as any other sermons among us, and with thrice the welcome? Because, without paint, each one is so limpid that anybody can see the thoughts outlined, side by side, like fish at the bottom of a pool."—*W. C. Gannett, in Unity.*

Mr. Sunderland's New Book.

The Bible: Its Origin, Growth, and Character, and its Place among the Sacred Books of the World. By J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A., author of "What is the Bible?" "A Rational Faith," etc.

This is a new work, and not merely a new edition of "What is the Bible?" It embraces a few features from the earlier volume, but it is different and much more comprehensive in plan, containing two or three times as much matter; and it brings its discussion of Biblical questions down to the latest word of reliable scholarship.

CONTENTS:

I. The Bible among the Sacred Books of the World; II. Similarities between the Bible and Other Sacred Books; III. The Hebrew Land and People; IV. The Bible as Literature; V. The Pentateuch: Was it written by Moses? VI. The Pentateuch: Its Real Origin; VII. The Old Testament Historical Books; VIII. The Old Testament Prophetical Books; IX. The Old Testament Poetical Books; X. The Gospels: Their Origin and History; XI. Paul and the Book of Acts; XII. The Epistles of Paul; XIII. The Non-Pauline Epistles and the Revelation; XIV. Apocryphal and Other Excluded Literature; XV. The Formation of the Canon; XVI. The Old and New Testament Text; XVII. The Moral and Religious Progress traceable in the Bible; XVIII. Bible Infallibility in the Light of Modern Scholarship; XIX. The Bible and Inspiration; XX. The Permanent Value of the Bible; XXI. List of Books for Biblical Reading and Study, with Brief Explanatory and Critical Comments.

"A thoroughly successful popular introduction to the Bible."—*Literary World.*

"A valuable digest of modern critical results."—*Dr. Samuel Davidson, London.*

"Abreast of the great volume of German and English scholarship."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"A volume of immense interest and value."—*The Arena.*

PRICE $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

New York and London.

Topics of To-day.

Essays and Lectures on Important Themes.

1. HERBERT SPENCER: His life and personal characteristics; his views on education; his religious opinions. By DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON.
2. CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN: His ancestry, life, and personal characteristics. By REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.
3. SOLAR AND PLANETARY EVOLUTION: How suns and worlds come into being. By GARRETT P. SERVISS.
4. EVOLUTION OF THE EARTH: The story of geology; how the world grew. By DR. LEWIS G. JANES.
5. EVOLUTION OF VEGETAL LIFE: How does life begin? By WILLIAM POTTS.
6. EVOLUTION OF ANIMAL LIFE: The evidences from geology, geographical distribution, and comparative zoölogy. By ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, Ph.D.
7. THE DESCENT OF MAN: Man and the brute creation; his ancestral line; duration of human life on the planet. By E. D. COPE, Ph.D.
8. EVOLUTION OF MIND: The mind and the nervous system; the nature of mind. By ROBERT G. ECCLES, M.D.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

Vol. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1894. No. 9.

"DAILY BREAD."

A SERMON BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., PREACHED AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—MATT. vi. 12.

I suppose that these are the first words of the Lord's Prayer which little children understand, after the words "Our Father." They are undoubtedly the first ones about which they question.

"How is it, mamma, that God gives us daily bread, when we know it is bought in the shop, or that it is in the house while we are offering our prayer?" The questioning is not theirs only. You meet men and women, not irreligious, either, who are puzzled about prayer for bodily gifts. "God has adjusted the laws of matter," they say. "He is not going to change them at our suggestion. It is the laws of spirit on which our spirits joined with his can act," they say. "Let our petitions, then," they say, "be only those for spiritual blessings." I once knew a student of divinity who was so far impressed by this line of reasoning that in his public services he omitted this petition from the Lord's Prayer. This reformer of the New Testament did not remain long in the Christian ministry. But I think he expressed an uncertainty which many Christians feel.

If we had come here to philosophize this afternoon, the consideration of such difficulties would open for us the whole tempting subject of the relation of spirit and matter. What is matter, and what is spirit? What are spiritual laws, and what are material? Where does the attractive power which, as the hymn says, "holds the drops that sparkle in the shower and the planets in their force," cease to be a law of matter; and where does the law of love begin, which, as the same hymn says, "attaches soul to soul"? Are these one law, as the Swedenborgians say? Or put the question as Dr. Bellows puts it ingeniously,—"Are our souls in our bodies, as the usual speech of men implies, or are our bodies in our souls, as some stubborn facts seem to say they are?"

But we have not come here to philosophize, and I do not therefore enter on these tempting questions. They have been at issue since the world began; and it is so far probable that in twenty minutes we might not decide them that I had rather examine the petition for daily bread in its simplicity. We will try to find how we are to offer it in our daily prayer, and how much Jesus meant it should comprehend.

I. I must observe first that, as Jesus uttered the prayer, it carried a meaning much wider than the literal words convey. How wide that meaning went, indeed, it is hard to tell. A translation nearly literal would be, "Give us this day the *bread of our being*"; and any difficulty which would attach to the interpretation of that phrase attaches equally to the words in the original. It was by the boldest paraphrase only that the words "*daily* bread" were used in our translation. We are to remember, then, as we discuss the phrase, that they are to be construed in their very widest range. We ask God in this prayer to give us this day all that we need, in order that we may *be*. We do not ask simply for the bread which supports the body; we do not ask simply for material out of which to assimilate the constituents of blood and nerves and muscles: we ask for all possible food which feeds the man. The Saviour, who has taught us that man does not live by bread alone,—teaching it, indeed, in the signal moment of his own victory,—does not mean that we shall pray merely for meat and drink. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that

proceedeth from the mouth of God doth he live," he says. Thus he extends and glorifies the words which Moses used with a lesser significance. So, as I come to God at daybreak and say to him: "Father, give us this day our daily bread," I ask—yes—for the provision which will support this body that it may not faint; but I ask for much more: I ask for food for this mind, that it may not feed upon itself, and I merely turn over and over what I learned yesterday, the day before, and last year. Not only this, but I ask for much more. Body and mind are only two little slaves of the soul, where the soul knows her power. The soul says, "Do this," and they do it; "Go there," and they go; "Abstain," and they abstain, though the tempting morsel be at the lip. The little hound is held in the leash, though the startled game flutters before his eye. For this soul we pray, centre and lord of being: "Father, that thou wilt feed my soul; give love the fit food for love, give hope the fit food for hope, give faith the fit food for faith. That which it must have, which thou, O God, knowest so much better than I,—the essential necessity of its being,—be pleased this day to give my soul."

II. "I can join in that last petition," says timid faith to me. "I can understand that God is the father of my soul, feeds my soul. Nay, I understand that by his immutable laws he is the author of my body, and feeds my body. But my trouble is that I have no right to pray to him to-day to meet my *bodily* wants. If the laws of nature, which he has established for seed-time and harvest, will feed me, I need not pray for other laws. If they will not feed me, I dare not ask him to change them simply to serve my turn."

Let me confess to timid faith like this,—that this difficulty has been always felt. The early fathers, in concession to it, construed this prayer as having reference simply to the soul's necessities. If God did not choose to feed the body, they said, of his own unsolicited will, let the body go.

But let me declare at the same moment that it is a difficulty which I do not feel. I have said I would not try to define the world of spirit and the world of matter. I will not. I will not try to show where the laws of matter end and the laws of spirit begin; though I do think that discussion will help timid faith in this matter. Leaving that discussion, I had rather meet timid faith on its own ground. For I think we may show that the laws of spirit have by far the most to do in the supply even of our bodily wants. I think we can show this of what everybody admits to be laws of spirit. Let alone the questions regarding God's fixed purposes for matter. Let us see how our bodily lives hinge on his spiritual laws, on the growth or failure of other living souls, which he cares for and which he moves. And for this we will not begin with the broadest view of this petition, but with the most literal and narrow. I will take the familiar definitions in the most familiar illustrations. I will take the illustration of the child's question regarding this prayer. The loaf of bread on your table to-morrow morning,—how does that come to you? Does it come from these unchanging material laws, or does it come from these spiritual interpositions of the present love of God which you are willing to acknowledge? Do you hastily reply that it is the material product of material agencies, that it comes chiefly from seed-corn, sunshine, moisture, and the darkness of the earth, that besides these the waterfall has ground it, the leaven has leavened it, and the fire has baked it, by laws which God impressed on them all in the beginning?

I will not parry your declaration even by asking what you mean by "in the beginning" in speaking of God, who has no beginning and no end, to whom this period since his spirit breathed upon the waters and he said, "Let there be light," up to this instant is indeed nothing. Yet I might do that fairly. I had rather leave philosophy so profound. I had rather look at the immediate fact to which you appeal,—the fact of the kitchen, of the grain market, and of the Western harvest. Is this loaf of bread the product of material agencies merely? All the material agencies you name were here three centuries ago. The sun shone as kindly, the dews fell as softly, the prairie was as rich, the waterfall was as strong, the fire was as warm. What, then, if some centuries ago Sir Philip Sidney had landed on our coast, as he wanted to, and had sought this fruit of your material laws? Would he have found it,—would he have found any-

thing to compare with it? He would have found, if he had searched long enough, a few handfuls of savages lurking in the wilderness, dying faster than their children were born, because these material laws of yours did not give them their daily bread. He would have found that peninsula which we call New England the lair of about twenty thousand of these starving human brutes, fighting for a sustenance which they could not find. He would have found the State of Vermont, for instance, without one human inhabitant, for the simple reason that the material laws you tell me of did not supply the physical daily bread which would keep one human being living there the year round.

"Oh, I grant," you say, "that men must use these material laws; nay, that civilized men must use them." Do you grant that? Granting that, you grant everything. For the moment man comes in, the child of God comes in; the moment he appears, the laws of spirit are working with the laws of matter; and the moment civilized man comes in, there comes in man in whom spiritual law has gained the mastery over carnal law, and so works its triumphs most completely.

And, for my illustration, I do not care whether the wheat of your loaf came from your own rich valley—from Genesee County—or from a prairie a thousand miles away. The courage which sent the first Daniel Boone or the first Manasseh Cutler to that prairie was a spiritual gift founded on spiritual law, sustained, most likely,—like all courage which is good for much,—on profound faith in the Great Spirit of all. And come down to this day, the "this day" of the prayer. The perseverance which ploughed that prairie last October, and the industry which reaped it this summer, are not material agencies, but spiritual powers. They are powers which are weak and mean when the man hardly lives. They are powers which are strong and dignified in proportion as the man gains life. They are strongest and noblest when he gains life most abundantly. So of the ingenuity which contrived the reaping-machine which cut that harvest, or which built the mill which ground it, or which devised the engine which dragged it night and day from the garner to your home, or the iron road on which it sped along on that journey of blessing. Industry, perseverance, wit, and ingenuity like these were not physical powers like the power which speeds the falling apple. You do not find that a stout New Zealander has them in proportion as he is strong and tall. You do not find that they grow as man grows in weight or in muscle. They are spiritual gifts,—not the highest yet, but children of the highest; and they have never existed where the highest spiritual gifts were not near at hand. Nor am I afraid to speak here of those highest gifts of all,—of conscience, of prayer, of long suffering,—nay, of martyrdom,—which must be before your daily bread is upon your board. Only I declare I do not know what instances to select out of a million. The mother who sits in the sickly log cabin on the prairie, making it the cheerful home of her husband, who is toiling in the field for you,—she is preserving his life for him, though her own ebbs away in the midst of malaria and of care which is too much for her. She is not making that place a home, and giving him the courage for his daily labor, because she is a piece of clock-work wrought by physical law. And the men whose courage and conduct deliver, day by day, at your Western ports the bread of the nation in each day's labor,—they would not work up to that mark for any mere bribe of silver that you could offer them. Vouch for that for me, you who direct these packets and railroads, and receive their supplies. Own to me that you have no physical system of checks and balances, no book-keeping, no accounting nor oversight, which saves you from the necessity of employing honest men. Pearls beyond price, indeed, which the merchant-man seeks for now as in the Lord's parable. Bear testimony for me again, you bankers, that, if every man who had the accounts of these great enterprises to hold were a man without spiritual power, without integrity, without honor, without sense of right and wrong, had as little spiritual power as a Tweed or a Sweeney, those proud works would crumble into decay, as not whirlwind nor deluge could overthrow them.

Yes, and go further yet: ask about these giant works,—your steam-engines and your telegraphs. The men who invent them, who compel an unwilling people to build these avenues of your trade,—the men over whose work is rolled along every day the

daily bread that our Father gives to us,—are not men who are ruled by physical laws, or whose triumph is a physical triumph. They are not compassing wealth. They do not seek it, and they do not gain it. They compel you to do that which they see can be done: they subdue the earth as they set out to do, and then their great mission is fulfilled,—when the East and West are brought together,—and they step aside and die unhonored and forgotten. It is not such a law as the attraction of gravitation, merely, that creates your Western harvest. It is not such a law as the laws of tides or of eclipses that brings it to your door. It is the soul's life which has sent it,—nay, and God created it; it is industry, devotion, and hope; it is integrity; it is public spirit; it is manliness and faith. To agencies like these, God-given and God-sustained, acting in a million hearts and ruling a million of lives, is it that, as we live, you owe every day every crust of your daily bread.

And I state this so briefly only as the humblest instance, in the most casual matter, of a great reality. We are not in any moment dependent chiefly or largely on what we are pleased to call the laws of matter. We are all girt in by spiritual powers. It is love that feeds us, it is faith that feeds us, it is hope that feeds us. If these spiritual powers should cease for an instant, it would be worse for us than deluge, worse than total eclipse, worse than the crash of planet against planet in the Empyrean. We could not live as stones exist, or as the waters roll. Not we! For we are his children. We are infinite beings. It is not of the earth that we live, nor by the earth that we are fed. It is in God that we live, in God that we move, and in God that we have our being.

III. Of the immediate bearing of this great truth on our petition I shall speak again. But let me first stop to remind you that there is another necessity of the petition,—when we only think of ourselves who utter it. And here, as before, I find it most simple not to take the broadest meaning of the text, but only the child's notion. The loaf of bread is in the house, the child says. Yes. It is on the table, perhaps. Yes. But is the way from the loaf to the lip so certain? Were you never at the table, with the bounty of God ready spread, at the culmination of all those infinite mercies which have tended to that moment of your life, when of an instant you found that that bread was not for you? You only broke the seal of a letter, and lo! there was the message within which made you and yours forget food that day. Or a messenger came running to the door, or there was a cry of agony from upstairs,—nay, a thankless child at the board beside you spoke one hateful word,—and you pushed the ready bread away. It was not for you! No: man does not live by such bread alone. Cannot live by it, unless he have, oh, how many mercies from the mouth of God! And so again is it that no man dare say he stands. No man dare count on to-morrow, nor *this day*. No man dare say: "I have provided. This hour is mine." But at every moment of his life man may well entreat God to overrule still the courses of the world which are inwoven with his destiny, and in whatever little prudence of providence of his own to murmur, "Give us this day our daily bread."

IV. Now let us try, with such help as these two little illustrations give us, to open out some of the wider range of the import of these seven words of prayer. We see that, unless we live ourselves, we cannot receive our daily bread. We must be well enough to receive it, our friends must be well enough, all around us well enough, lest this be a feast of Tantalus which we have provided, and vanish at the moment when we sit for the banquet. Yes, and we see also that not only must we provide, as we say so proudly, but God must keep up a million agencies now at work in full force for us, or we cannot provide,—agencies not of matter only, as a world fond of stones and bricks is used to say, but of the highest, tenderest, spiritual laws.

And, if this is true in these little carnal necessities from which muscles are fed and blood set flowing, how much more of all the other necessities of our lives! Now let me go back of the child's conception of the prayer. Let me speak of it as Jesus used it. Give us that which is essential for our being. We do not pray to God as if we were only so much muscle, vein, and artery. We do not simply say, "Keep this blood flowing, keep these nerves thrilling": we pray to him as those who remember, reflect,

and plan for the future. So we pray that our Father will keep this mind unshaken, these memories true, and these plans coherent. Feed them, O Father, with food sufficient for them. Nay, we pray as those who love him and love each other, who believe in him and in each other, who hope nothing less than heaven for ourselves and for each other. Feed these longings, these appetites divine, great God, lest we cease to love, to hope, or to believe. And this is not for *me*, but for *us*; not for *my* daily bread, but for *ours*. So be pleased, great God, to all of us to give the waters divine, of which if one drink he never thirsts; the bread of life, of which if one eats he never dies. Not for me only, but for my brothers and sisters,—all my brothers, all my sisters. Feed the body, feed the mind, —yes, this day, Father,—and so much more the soul with this daily bread, this essential food of its necessity, with the revelation of thyself and of thine own loving kindness, of thine own tender help here and of thine own sweet will, with all fond hopes, loving affections, with all tender mercies, with all certainty of thine own help and comfort and blessing. Feed us all, great God, so that we may grow in grace, fed by the abundance of thy love; so that we may more truly live; so that we may the better pray, and to-morrow shall utter one prayer something closer to thee than ever when we say:—

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
For this be pleased to feed us, Father, body, mind, and soul. So be pleased, then, to
Give us, even this day, our daily bread.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE. *

In the Book of Exodus in the Old Testament we find this strange story: "Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian; and he led the flock to the back of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." Until lately there was only one alternative with regard to a story like this,—to fall back on miracle or to deny. Fortunately for us, the time has now come to explain; and the explanation comes through the valuable discovery of our ignorance. We are now sufficiently advanced to know how little we know,—a great point! We are, naturally, exceedingly proud of our mighty scientific advances; but the greatest advance of all is this discovery of our ignorance and of the limitations of the senses. We are like a race of beings born in a vast cavern, who have found out how to make torches and light them. Our main business now is to explore. Perhaps we may find the entrance to the cave.

But, even as to these limited senses, we know not at all what they really are. We only know that they deceive us at every turn. What we call color, for instance, has no corresponding reality outside of the eye and brain. There is no such thing as color apart from sensation,—only vibrations which we translate as, or into, color; and the senses only respond to a few of these vibrations. In a sense, every bush burns with fire, just as every shell does, or every blade of grass,—just as every crystal does, or the human hand; but we are limited and dull, and do not see all there is to be seen. There is never any color until there is an eye to see it. We who sit here now can see, for instance, these blue and white flowers and these green fronds of ferns; but, when we go away and shut the doors, and there is no one here to see, there will be no blue and white and green,—only vibrations that will appeal to space in vain. If only one came in again to see, all the beauty would reappear, but in the translating eyes and brain, not in the flowers. Every one of us here may know these things well; but I am convinced they are very far from having their full influence over us, so ingrained in us is the old notion as to the adequacy of the senses to reveal all that Nature is and all that Nature has to show. So let me recall to you the familiar exposition of the phenomena of color and sound as given by Mr. Tyndall (always firmly grasping the fact that sights and sounds are, in a sense, illusions, and that "things are not what they seem"). "Color," says Mr. Tyndall,

* From the *Coming Day*.

"is determined by length of light wave, and consequent frequency of repetition on the optic nerve." That is to say, the sight of blue or yellow or red or violet is not the sight of objects that are really blue or yellow or red or violet, but the sight in a special state of agitation produced by vibrations or waves of light. If these waves are short and quick, you see one color; if they are long and slower, you see another color. When you see violet, for instance, there is nothing in the object at all resembling violet; but what happens is that you are receiving from the object six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions of shocks per second. And so tiny are these waves which spell violet that about 57,500 would make a thread of waves an inch long.

Now our range is very limited. There are colors we cannot see, though they are before our eyes; or, to speak more accurately, there are waves of light so short and swift that no ordinary eye in its ordinary condition can translate them. "Beyond the violet we have rays of too high a pitch to be visible," says Mr. Tyndall, "and beyond the red we have rays of too low a pitch to be visible. The phenomena of light are in this case paralleled by those of sound. If it did not involve a contradiction, we might say that there are musical sounds of too high a pitch to be heard, and also sounds of too low a pitch to be heard. Speaking strictly, there are waves transmitted through the air from vibrating bodies which, although they strike upon the ear in regular recurrence, are incompetent to excite the sensation of a musical note." The human creature carries about with him, as it were, a kind of keyboard, and that is his range. Very naturally, he is apt to think that his poor little key-board embraces all the music there is; but what a delusion that is! Huxley, describing the movements of the fluid which courses through the hairs of the common stinging nettle, says, "The wonderful silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing. Could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city." That is not a venture of scientific audacity or a bit of poetic sentimentality: it is a sober fact. If the human ear were differently constructed (and adequately constructed), what we call the stillness of a wood on a summer evening would be a roar, —say like the roar of the traffic before the Royal Exchange at mid-day. It is only a question of one's range. Sir John Lubbock deliberately says, "The universe is probably full of sound which we cannot perceive."

I am not talking mediæval nonsense then, but sober modern science, when I say that this church might be full of the music of angels and we not hear it, just as it might be full of their bright presences and we not see them. You hear my poor earth-born voice because your key-board's earth-born range can respond to it. Alter that range, add to the octaves, and again and again extend the range, and you, you sitting there, might hear, not me at all, but the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Mr. Huxley would perhaps be one of the last men to believe in its happening; but ask him whether it is scientifically coherent and conceivable. He could not deny it.

Go back to Mr. Tyndall. He finely says, "Were our organs sharp enough to see the motions of the air through which an agreeable voice is passing, we might see stamped upon that air the conditions of motion on which the sweetness of the voice depends." Think of it! If you could see the lovely curves and shapes of the waves of sound, when the voice is musical and sings in tune, you might see the music, and even find it more exquisite than that which the ear reports as sound. At this very instant this church is filled with millions upon millions of tiny waves of air produced by my poor voice. You do not see the waves, but some of them impinge upon your instruments of hearing, and you translate these waves into sounds. So with sight. Two-thirds of the light-rays around us fail to rouse in the eye the sense of vision. "The rays exist," says Mr. Tyndall, "but the visual organ requisite for their translation into light does not exist." So, for us, two-thirds of the light around us is as though it were not; and yet, "from this region of darkness and mystery which surrounds us, rays may now be darting which require but the development of proper intellectual organs to translate them into knowledge as far surpassing ours as ours

surpasses that of the wallowing reptiles which once held possession of the planet." And that is from a man who hates everything that bears any resemblance to superstition, and who is supposed to be a materialist!

Take another step into this inner world. Not only are we surrounded by countless myriads of rays of light and color whose value we never perceive, but it is a scientific fact that every object has its own aura or emanation,—a shell, a sea wave, a lock of hair, a blade of grass, a human hand, a magnet, a grain of sand, a drop of dew, a drop of blood. What you see is only the core, or perhaps the husk of it. The wondrous flashing aura, fire, or soul of it, you see not. You see a rose two inches long, and you say, "How beautiful it is!" What if you could see the lovely lake of fragrance in which it lies, a little sea of exquisite beauty, with myriads of color waves!

A few years ago a laborious and patient German lover of science discovered that certain persons had the power to actually see the emanations from material objects which transcend the range of our ordinary keyboard; and, strange to say, he found that these subtile auras were only visible in the dark. These visible emanations or auras proceeded from potent centres, such as magnets, crystals, minerals, and the human body; and by hundreds of persons they were seen.

It is now an axiom of science that one body cannot act upon another at a distance without affecting every atom on the way and on the same plane. It follows that the magnet with its power of attraction, or the rose with its fragrance, must act upon every particle lying between itself and the object attracted, or the person regaled. Think what that would mean to one who had eyes to see! Now, the curious thing is that centuries before this was science it was said to be experience. For centuries the witness has been borne that here and there one had inner or finer senses open to see the glory of the Lord beyond the ordinary ken of man, —the radiant bush, the ministering angel, the heavenly vision. The Bible is full of it, and I for one am no longer able to put it all down to delusion or romance. The bush that burned with fire, then, was not necessarily a bush under new conditions, but there may have been an observer of it whose vision was, for the moment, under new conditions, or whose normal vision had an abnormal range. What Moses saw, any of us might see in a hundred Surrey lanes this heavenly June if our eyes were tuned to the subtile splendor. If our senses were adequate to the scene, a hawthorn bush in flower would be an object of such magnificence that the little we have been used to see would seem coarse and poor. The lane would be filled with a vibrating river of flashing light and color. The myriad waves of odor might be beheld as radiant waves of gold. Every garden would outrival Paradise, and every orchard be an Eden that never shone in even a poet's dream. There would be a new heaven and a new earth, as John said; and Surrey might be heaven.

That is not rhapsody: it is science. It is not old-world illusion: it is nineteenth-century fact. And I say it is the function—the special function—of the religious teacher to sit at the feet of these scientific masters in Israel, and to carry away rich spoils from this region of science for his own sphere of religious faith and hope. Am I, then, going beyond my right and my duty when I push home these splendid suggestions, and find just what I want in the glorious new world opened to us beyond the range of these poor senses,—to find there the possibility of the things to which the great Paul referred when he said, "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal"? In other words, the dust and ashes that now are ours—defining both our possessions and our limits—will one day fail us. From us they will crumble, or we must crumble from them; but the subtile realities which produced them, and for a time fed them, will remain,—the boundless oceans of energy and vitality of which now we know nothing, being only like the children of an earlier day who gathered shells on the shore, while beyond the seas and beyond the stars new worlds waited to be won. Yes, let Huxley and Paul, Tyndall and John, sit together in these "heavenly places," and make the glorious circle of revelation complete. I confess it, I was never so tired of the infatuation of the unbeliever's denials, the insolence of his assertion, "It cannot be." We know nothing as it is, not even the secret of the denier's

power to say such a thing as that "it cannot be." We know nothing so surely as our ignorance and insignificance; and we ought to know that nothing becomes us so well as faith and hope and love. The possibilities are boundless. Why not give the glorious possibilities the benefit of the doubt? The world that is seen is greater than we know. What must the unseen be? We only know that there is room for our most lavish faith, for our most enchanting hope. No dream of spirit-life was ever half so glorious as that which our knowledge now allows us. No faith in angel-presences was ever half so vivid as that which science must now at least condone. That fine religious thinker who lately bade us believe that fathers and mothers and dear children "'dead and gone' were only just beyond the line of the visible" no longer indulged in mere rhapsody. He stood on the rock of science.

This is the gospel for our day, in the presence of which old creeds and dogmas seem but as dust and ashes. Believing this, we might make a new world of it. The common streets, the fields, the clouds, the roaring city, the burdens and those who carry them, the ceaseless, dim, inexorable struggle, the bed of sickness, the still, silent clay, might all receive a new and deep significance. The way may be rough, the stress of battle may weigh us down, the night may be dark, and mists may part us from some who made it for us a blessed thing to be. As we press on, the old force fails, the old vision grows dim. Presently, we shall fall in the path unconscious, but not alone. We are waited for, they are looking for us: they will see us, will come to us, will care for us; and, when we wake, it will be only to be at home, and we shall learn that in the old life, though we did not know it and could not see it, we were in the midst of the paradise of God.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

London, Eng.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations,—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—*F. W. Farrar.*

*THE BASES OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.**

The above is the subject of the last published series of lectures delivered in Oxford and London on the Hibbert foundation. Through the volumes which have previously appeared from the pens of such scholars as Max Müller, Prof. Kuenen, Dr. Hatch, Count D'Alviella, and Dr. Charles Beard, the religious world has come to expect only the work of a master from any one called to give the annual course of Hibbert Lectures; and Prof. Charles B. Upton of Manchester College, Oxford, the author of the present volume, has not lowered the former high standard of excellence.

Will religion be able to maintain its place as an integral and perennial factor in the constitution of human nature, capable of thriving in the pure atmosphere of scientific thinking and philosophic reflection? or will it begin to decay as philosophical and scientific insight broadens and deepens, until there remains to it no more dignified place than that furnished by psychical research, clairvoyance, spiritualism, and theosophy? In other words, has religious belief a permanent foundation in the very nature of things? and, therefore, amid all the evolution of its changing forms, will its essential substance and its influence in the life of man persist? These are the questions that Prof. Upton sets out to answer in the volume before us; and certainly no questions more pressing or urgent present themselves to the minds of men in our day. His answer begins with an inquiry into the nature of religious belief.

Religion is defined as "the *felt* personal relationship in which the finite self-consciousness stands to the immanent and universal ground of all being." "Whenever the idea of a personal relation between God and man dies away, religion proper inevitably decays and dies." "The complete conception of religion is not reached till we recognize that the immanent God is apprehended by the religious consciousness, not only as (1) the light of its reason, but (2) as the source of its moral imperative and its moral ideal, and (3) as also *felt* as in im-

*Hibbert Lectures, 1893. By Charles B. Upton, Professor of Philosophy in Manchester College, Oxford. Published by Williams & Norgate, London.

mediate personal relation with the soul." "Wherever we find a form of religion in which no appeal is made to the soul's immediate consciousness of the divine presence, and God is treated mainly as a rational hypothesis to account for the facts of nature or of man's moral life, there we invariably find a religion which kindles no warmth and enthusiasm, possesses little or no self-propagating power, and which, though in general conservative of the recognized moralities, is not favorable to the incoming of new and higher moral and social ideals." The teaching "that God is known only in the command of the moral imperative, though this is doubtless the most important and influential factor in our apprehension of God and of his relation to our individual minds, yet places an unreal distance between God and the soul. The doctrine of the ethical imperative needs to be associated with the doctrine of the felt immanence and inwardness of God's presence in our aspirations after truth, in our æsthetic emotions, and in our diviner affections, if it is to at all adequately express the manifold ways in which the indwelling Father reveals himself in the reason, the conscience, and the heart."

"The highest form of religious belief is only reached when, on the one hand, intellectual culture has disclosed the immanence of God in the human mind as the rational ground and necessary condition of all thinking and all knowledge; and when, on the other hand, the evolution of ethical ideas and sentiments has revealed that same divine immanence in the felt absolute imperative, through which the higher affections of the soul proclaim their intrinsic supremacy, and divine love comes to be recognized as the highest spring of human conduct, as the fundamental principle in all ethical ideals, and therefore as pertaining to or constituting the very essence of the nature of God."

"This highest form of religious belief first took shape in Christian Theism through the fusion of the Greek religion of thought, or reason, and the Hebrew religion of conscience, the Hebrew doing justice to the subjective relations between the soul and the immanent God, the Greek doing justice to the immanence and self-revelation of God in nature, and the demands of reason for the unification of knowledge. The fusion of the two in Christianity has given a result which bids fair to become the final form of religious belief, the world religion in which lower forms of faith will at length be merged."

Without doubt the central thought of Prof. Upton's religious philosophy is the doctrine of spiritual insight, or the doctrine of the possession by man of a faculty by which he apprehends not finite things and phenomena, but rather the ultimate ground, or central principle, to which finite things and selves owe their existence and unity. The essence of the knowledge of God he holds to be the immediate consciousness of God. Aristotle described this religious insight as a function of reason, Paul as a function of spirit.

Does this religious insight give knowledge or only belief? Belief, answers Upton, but explains that the word "knowledge" is reserved for such *lower* insight into the relations of phenomena as the cultivated scientific understanding is competent to reach, while the *belief* which comes from spiritual insight is something vastly deeper, admitting the soul to the sphere of ultimate reality.

We are now at the end of the second lecture in the volume. We have given so much attention to these opening lectures because they are fundamental to all that comes after. The remaining lectures deal with Agnosticism and Positivism as antagonistic to the doctrine of Spiritual Insight; the relation of Culture, first to Dogmatic Religion, second to Rational Religion; God as Ground and Cause of the Cosmos; God as the Source of Ideals; Absolute Idealism, including a discussion of the Freedom of the Will; and Ethical Theism, including the question of Individual Immortality. These themes take the reader at once into the heart of the philosophy of religion. The author, by numerous quotations from writers of eminence, shows himself at home in the literature of the subject. We cannot but think, however, that the work suffers both artistically and logically from over-quotation. Prof. Upton has his subject fully in hand, and his clear, strong style is quite equal to carrying conviction unre-enforced by the words of others. Some one has said, "We live in an age of free thought, but not of free think-

ing." And it is further true that the acquisition of the habit of free thinking is not always accompanied by faith in the ability of the thought evolved to win its own way, hence the tendency to fall back upon authority for re-enforcement.

One or two other criticisms will occur to many readers. The slightly polemical tone which occurs here and there in the volume seems out of keeping with the gravity and dignity of the theme discussed. Again, the author's profound reverence for Dr. Martineau and his thought at times suggests the pupil rather than the independent investigator, although, if one must have a master, it would perhaps be difficult to choose one more worthy than Martineau.

Prof. Upton, in discussing Hegelianism, gives one the impression of taking up the gauntlet for Dr. Martineau's position, as given in "A Study of Religion" and "Types of Ethical Theory." But, surely, giants need no outside help in resolving their differences. Prof. Upton admits "the great educational influence of Hegelianism," that it has "reinstated thought in its true rights as being capable of giving man a genuine and progressive insight into the nature of reality," that it has "gotten rid of the old notion of matter as a mysterious substance, with properties wholly unlike and incomparable with the properties of mind," and has given a clear insight into the truth that "beneath the partial dualism which separates mind and matter there is a deeper unity of substance." Admitting, too, that "genuine Hegelianism has close affinities with the popular view of evolution and with prevalent scientific ideas," he concludes that already "many signs indicate its incipient disintegration,"—a conclusion which will be a surprise to not a few of his readers.

But these slight defects and misjudgments, if such they are, may well be overlooked in estimating the book as a whole. From the opening chapter on the Nature of Religious Belief to the closing pages which discuss personal immortality, the attention of the reader is held, and his own thought power enlisted to help solve the problems presented. The volume merits a wide reading; and, unless the present reviewer is greatly mistaken, it will not prove the last or even the best volume from the same pen.

ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

II.

It is sometimes thought religion should have nothing to do with politics, and that the preacher should not in any way deal with political questions, or else there will follow a union between Church and State, which the best and freest thought of to-day pronounces highly undesirable. Most certainly there should be no union whatever between Church and State. Church property should be taxed, because when it is untaxed those who believe in no church whatever are indirectly compelled to support some form of worship against their consciences and their reason. No form of religious exercises should be in the public schools, because religious worship should not be imposed upon the conscience. Priestcraft should have no right to dictate or declare what the State shall do: state-craft should have no right to decree or declare what the Church shall do or how men shall worship. But this does not mean that religion should have nothing to do with politics, or that the religious teacher should not have the right to teach his people concerning their political rights and duties. In formal religious exercises in schools, legislatures, or political convention there is not much of true religion. Let the political convention construct an honest platform and nominate worthy candidates, let the legislature enact just laws, let the schools teach pure morals and essential knowledge, and thus true religion will find its way into these public spheres.

When the existence of this nation was in peril, should every pulpit have been silent? When the escaping slaves were, by law, returned to their owners, should the pulpit have been silent? When Pilate condemned Jesus to death for political reasons, did moral and religious teachers then do right to be silent? On the other hand, is it not today true, as Mazzini said, that "every political question is fast becoming a social question, and every social question is as rapidly becoming a religious question"?

The pulpit surely should inculcate patriotism. By this is meant not what some one has called "the last refuge of a scoundrel," but true public-spiritedness and regard for the public good. High ideals should be

held up before the youth. A recent cartoon in *Puck* represents the boys of to-day as dreaming of the careers of great monopolists or treasurers of insurance companies, with large salaries and little duties, as the objects of their ambitions, whereas the boys of the past days dreamed of the careers of great generals, great leaders, great statesmen, as the object of their ambitions. Surely, the religious teacher should hold up higher than material ideals, instructing the youth that fame is nobler than money, and failure with Socrates and Christ is better than what the world of to-day calls success. The chief idolatry of our times which most needs to be rebuked, is not the worship of money nor of fashion, nor of to-morrow. These are all indeed popular idolatries, but they are carried on in the side temples of to-day's life. The chief idolatry of to-day, in both private and public life, is the worship of success. "A crown once worn," as the old proverb says, " cleanses the wearer of all defects." The pulpit surely needs to rebuke this with righteous scorn and earnest indignation.

Religion should teach that nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong. If slander is wrong, so is political abuse and misrepresentation. If bribery is wrong for personal ends, it is equally wrong when cooperatively done for partisan ends. If it is wrong for you or me to sell intoxicating liquors, it is wrong for the city or the commonwealth or the nation. Religion teaches that in politics, as in every sphere, it is one's duty to think, to hear all sides, to reason and compare. It denies the statement that it is traitorous to one's party to take the paper of another party. It says, Hear all sides, then decide. Religion affirms that politics should be decent. It utters a plea against party rancor and bitter animosity. It says to the party politician and party worker, and newspapers and speakers, that people are rapidly growing tired of campaigns of mud-slinging and personal abuse. It declares that party will make votes whose papers and speakers discuss measures and principles rather than fling personalities. It is sad to remember that George Washington was unreservedly denounced and abused. Abraham Lincoln was lampooned, traduced, maligned by party passion. Yet around his bier both friend and foe gathered to praise. James Bryce well says that, "if the path to Congress and the State legislatures and the higher municipal offices were cleared of the stumbling-blocks and dirt heaps which now encumber it, placed there by the professional politician, a great change would soon come to pass upon the composition of legislative bodies, and a new principle be felt in the management of State and municipal as well as of Congressional affairs."

Religion should encourage independence and individuality among voters. It is a customary word in political circles that party loyalty demands that all members of the party vote a straight ticket. If this be party loyalty, then give us party treason, that we may have loyalty to the commonwealth. It is not the case, as is sometimes said, that the politician has no conscience. Every mortal has a conscience. Carlyle tells us that the dissipated and depraved nobility in France before the Revolution had one virtue left, the virtue of perfect readiness to fight duels. So the basest politician has at least one virtue, a sensitiveness to votes. A New Jersey legislator recently said: "Church people be damned! They will protest and talk and pray; but, when election time comes, they will vote right." By voting right he meant voting a straight party ticket. So long as the good and pious people who are Republicans can be relied upon to vote the party ticket straight through, and good and pious people who are Democrats can be depended upon to vote their party ticket straight through, the politician will cater only to the great undermass of purchasable and changeable votes at the lowest end of the political scale. Let there be formed, however, a great and ever-increasing body of independent voters at the upper end of the political scale, and the politician's sensitive conscience will cause him to turn to the consideration of this nobler class, and the inevitable result will be better nominations, better measures, and the general purification of the political sphere. At the caucus the professional, nine times out of ten, will work the discomfiture of the amateur. At the polls is the place where the independent voter must make his power felt. All honor, then, to him whose eleventh commandment is, "Thou shalt not vote a straight ticket"!

He who comes not at the bidding of any party or any priest, but who makes the care of his ballot a matter of earnest and wise consideration, and deciding for right and humanity, casts his ballot honestly and fearlessly, voting never in the air and never in the mud, is our country's hope. The power of the caucus should be weakened by requiring that names be placed upon the official ballot, not upon any caucus or convention nomination, but only upon the recommendation of a certain reasonable number of voters, whose personal and certified signatures have been secured. This would put the fearless and independent men who bestir themselves only a few days before election more upon a level with the professional party managers and manipulators.

The pulpit should most certainly inculcate peace, and preach against the barbarism of war. It is certainly now fully time for the United States, not simply to keep abreast of the world's best endeavor to abolish war, but to lead all the nations in the way of universal peace and universal arbitration. Most certain is it that the common people, the laboring men of the entire civilized world, have interests in common as against the interests whereby war is almost always made. Just as the weight of any bridge, no matter how many spans and supports it may have, must at length rest upon the earth, just so, no matter how many indirections or make-shifts there are, the burden of war, both as regards lives that must be sacrificed, and as regards the taxes that must be borne, rests at length upon the common people. Such a great and intelligent nation as ours has no right to go to war, or to think of war, until all arbitration and peaceful means have utterly failed. Some causes are in no sense worth going to war about under any circumstances.

Not all the seals there are in the Pacific Ocean are worth the blood of my boy or yours.

Religion should teach that permanent national prosperity rests, and can rest only, upon justice. Personal retribution may not always come in this life, but nations will live or may live long enough for compensation to become complete. Therefore, full reward for righteousness and full retribution for wrong-doing come to each and every national organism in this world. The closing words of Lincoln's second inaugural address are full of lasting admonition to this country: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid for by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether!'" When the first slave-ship left the shore of Africa for the shore of America, the bloody sacrifices of our Civil War were all contracted for. Every drop of blood drawn by the lash was paid for with interest by other drops drawn by the sword.

Religion should inculcate justice in regard to the right and duty of the elective franchise. The question of woman suffrage is not a matter of mere sentiment or mere method: it is a question of human right and equal justice. The pulpit should endeavor to develop a humane and righteous public opinion which will carry into effect the best methods of all needful reforms in the social and political world. An eminent divine of this city has recently said that the pulpit should take the side of neither capital nor labor; but that term "labor," it should be remembered, represents human beings, it means toiling men, struggling women, and suffering children. It means those on the under side of fortune's wheel. In the Middle Ages it was the preacher's arm that beat down the baron's hand uplifted to strike his serf. Surely, to-day Christian preachers should, as Christ himself did, speak on behalf of the weak. The strong are always able to take care of themselves. The same eminent divine heretofore quoted has also said that the preacher should not advocate socialism, the single tax, or kindred movements. So far as these are simply matters of policy or politics, most certainly he should not. Yet it is worthy of remark that the same minister not long since did use his pulpit to condemn the reformatory movements which he says the preacher has no right to advocate. There are moral, spiritual, Christian sides to all the social and industrial movements of to-day whereby

men are striving to realize for themselves and their children more life, more equality, more opportunity. Surely, religion should sympathize with the spirit and judicially interpret the forms of every movement which seeks to incarnate more of justice and love in human life, which seeks to gospelize either the individual characters or the public institutions, or the entire social organism of to-day. Religion should surely say that those natural resources which the bounty of God has granted unto the children of men, and those social advantages which the growth of the whole community has built up, and which therefore belong by rights to the people as a whole, should be restored to their rightful owners, the people as a whole. Religion should say, in the words of Rev. George D. Herron, one of the broadest and bravest Congregational ministers of to-day, that "human institutions must be gospelized. The authority of Jesus extends over the bank, the store, the factory, the railway, as truly as over the individual. A dollar, a lamp-post, a game, a school, a legislature, need to be absolutely subject to Christ, need to be used for the same purpose Christ used his cross, just as certainly as human spirits. The principle of Christ's life must be the principle of the market, the social room, the gas company, the college, the kitchen, the locomotive, the bedroom, the club house."

In conclusion, let it be most emphatically said that religion and the religious teacher must needs deal with the ethical aspects of business, politics, institutional life, only in order to redeem human beings and build nobler characters. Political reform, social reform, industrial reform,—all these are means, not ends. The end is to build men and women, to rear the city of the soul, to promote the greatest of all arts, the art of life; to advance the greatest of all sciences, the science of noble living; to make human hearts healthy and holy and happy. The greatest need of any city or country is men. To bathe men in an atmosphere of nobleness, to keep them in the constant presence of beautiful and exigent ideals, to lift their thoughts and ambitions above all that is low or simply selfish,—this is the chief work of religion.

"God gives us men; a time like this demands
Strong souls, brave hearts, firm faith, and willing hands;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog.
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

S. W. Sample.

Minneapolis, Minn.

---

*CHRISTIANITY AND UNIVERSAL RELIGION.**

I wish to speak about the conflicting claims of Christianity and of universal religion to be our basis of union. Our attention has been recently called to this matter by men, in our church and out of it, who proclaim themselves as the apostles of universal religion. They have accused those of us who continue to call ourselves Christian of being narrow and of being recreants to our opportunities. Now, I call myself a Christian; and I wish to defend myself and my friends against such a charge. Will you permit me to lay before you my reasons for not joining this or any society that calls itself the society of universal religion? Let me approach the matter in this way. Why should it be narrow to call ourselves Christians when it is not narrow to call ourselves Americans? Let me explain the point I desire to make. I am speaking to men and women who call themselves Americans. We have certain ideas of government and citizenship which suit our temperament. We have a flag which is to us the sign and symbol of those ideas, and we reverence certain great figures of the past for their splendid embodiment in their souls and lives of those ideas. The stars and stripes thrill us when we watch it unrolling on the breeze as no other flag can. The names of Washington and Lincoln stir us as no other names can stir us.

But still, however much we may think of our flag and our heroes, we cannot persuade other nations to cherish the same

---

*Reprinted from the *Christian Register.*

feelings toward them. They, like us, have their ideas of citizenship and government; and these may be, are certainly in many respects, very similar to ours. Yet, none the less for that, their flag and their heroes are not the same as ours. The Englishman cannot feel that the magic of the stars and stripes is equal to that of the great standard that unfurls morning after morning from the battlements of Windsor. The figure of Nelson on the lofty pillar in Trafalgar Square calls up for him a thousand associations such as Washington, however much he may admire him, cannot create in him. Nelson remains the Englishman's national hero: the great standard continues to be his national symbol.

What is true of Americans and English holds true also of every other nation on this earth. Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Turks, Italians, Bulgarians, Greeks, —every people you can mention that feels itself a people, with a definite character, definite aims, and definite traditions, represents these to itself through its own flag and its own heroic figures. However much they may admire those of other peoples, they find it yet impossible to feel the same toward them as they feel toward their own. Tradition, circumstances, strains in the blood, their living, beating heart, forbid any cosmopolitanism in flags and heroes. The political reformer—the lover of all nations—may talk himself dumb and shame our weak intellects by his iron-clad logic upon the brotherhood of man; but still, in the present state of human nature, the American will continue to prefer the stars and stripes and Washington, the Englishman his standard and his hero, to any other. I think I have stated the present political condition fairly. I venture to say that I carry you with me thus far.

Let us turn now to apply this reasoning to the dispute between ourselves and the apostles of universal religion. Here we are who have for some time been calling ourselves Christians. Like each separate nation, we have certain ideas with regard to God,—his dealings with us, his wishes and hopes with regard to us. We have been brought up to find these symbolized in a sign called the cross, and to find them embodied in their most perfect form in the soul and life of Jesus Christ. The Buddhist, on the contrary, is brought up to see his religious ideas in a different symbol and a different personality. The Mohammedan, again, sees his in another person and another symbol. A thousand associations and traditions cluster thus for each set of religious adherents round their symbol and hero. These constitute a vast emotion, which each individual, if he is sincere, feels in his heart when he hears the name of the great prophet and sees the gleam of his chosen sign. However much the Buddhist may appreciate the Christian or the Christian the Buddhist, neither can yet be expected to love the others' heroes and sign as he loves his own. It is not that either of them is narrow. A man is not necessarily narrow or prejudiced or intolerant because he cannot help cherishing an affection for his family, his homestead, his land, which he does not entertain toward a friend's land or parents. But, just as the American loves Lincoln and the stars and stripes more intimately and warmly than the Russian eagle and Peter the Great, so is it with the Christian as he looks at the Buddhist sign and prophet, so is it also with the Buddhist as he looks at the name and symbol of Confucius. You see now what is my position with regard to the apostles of universal religion. I venture to think that they are impractical idealists. I believe that they do not appreciate properly the human nature with which they are dealing, and I repudiate altogether their charge of narrowness and incapacity for large opportunities. They tell us, indeed, that Christianity is a "shanty" in comparison with the vast and all-embracing canopy of universal religion. I answer that it is no more of a shanty than the American nationality, with its flag and hero, is a shanty; and I answer that I will leave this shanty of Christianity when they can tell me, not logically, but truthfully, that the standard of England and the name of Nelson stir their American hearts as powerfully as the stars and stripes and the names of Washington or Lincoln. Is it not, indeed, a little absurd for Americans, who are known to be patriotic and to have the limitations of that patriotism, to cavil at Christians, Buddhists, or Confucians as narrow and local because they prefer the religion that educated them and appeals to them a good

deal better than a vague, universal religion, which has no signs, no heroes, no associations, no personal emotions? Would it not be ridiculous, in the present state of human nature, to expect even the best and broadest of Americans to feel toward all nations as he feels toward his own? And is it not just as ridiculous to expect the adherent of any given religion, however tolerant and appreciative he may be, to feel toward all religions as he feels toward his own?

I must confess—even at the risk of appearing narrow and local—that I shall have to plead guilty to not believing mankind to be ready for cosmopolitanism, either in politics or religion. I maintain that for another few thousand years men will prefer national and religious shanties to the vast and glorious tent of universal nationality and universal religion. I cannot but remember, as I say this, certain facts in the history of cosmopolitanism. Let me call your attention to two examples of its success. Here is one. About the time of the birth of Christ the Roman Empire had gathered under one emperor and one standard a crowd of differing nationalities. The Roman State was in the outward form and shape almost a cosmopolitan State. All the civilized nations of the known world and many that were uncivilized were bound together under one rule. But the union was only formal: the devotion to the eagle and the emperor was only outward, and not of the heart. And, as is well known, the effect of this cosmopolitan patriotism was only to destroy all local patriotisms and to establish nothing in its place. The separate nations could not merge their separate patriotisms into one universal patriotism. I believe that would be the effect of the attempt to unite all religions now in a universal religion. The symbols and heroes of the separate religions would be abolished; but with them would be abolished also very much of the constraining, uplifting power of religion. What personality, what symbol, does universal religion offer us that, with our associations, our training, can take the place of the personality of Christ or the symbol of the cross? Consider, once more, another example of the past success of cosmopolitanism. A hundred years ago France announced herself as the savior of the political world. She offered, in the pride of her new birth, political freedom, fellowship, and the gospel of political truth to the separate nations of Europe. Her philosophers preached on universal liberty, her statesmen proposed sincerely to spread its blessings far and wide. What was the issue of that political cosmopolitanism? How did human nature as it is deal with it? The issue of it was the incarnation of her spirit in Napoleon, the invasion of Switzerland, and the wars against Europe. The freedom which France offered the world was found in practice to be, after all, nothing else than her own national and limited ideas of freedom. She desired, indeed, all men to be free; but, still, they were to be free in her particular way. I believe that this will be the issue of the new gospel of universal religion. The freedom, the fellowship, the truth, which sounds so comprehensive when stated abstractly, will turn out to be nothing more than a few men's and women's idea of the meaning of those phrases; the idea of men and women still bound, although they do not know it,—bound because they cannot help it,—in the bonds of individual and personal prejudices; the idea of a few men and women who, in all honesty, have the audacity to think that they can comprehend in their thoughts and actions the vast and varied wants of humanity itself. We shall find them to be, not a universal religion, but only a new sect, a little less narrow or a little more narrow—according to the spiritual genius of their leaders and adherents—than existing sects.

I have endeavored thus to make plain to you my reasons for not wishing either myself or you to join the new apostles. Perhaps thousands of years hence human nature may be ready for a universal religion. Perhaps then the nations of the earth will be one in one vast political federation. Perhaps the souls of men, as they turn to God, will demand then a universal symbol and a universal divinely human hero. But meanwhile human nature is what it is,—something that is appealed to best and most powerfully by local and individual associations, both in politics and religion. For myself, I want no purer and greater hero than he whom the Christian world worships. I do not say he is better than Confucius or Buddha. For the sake of argu-

ment I am ready to allow that he may stand on the same level of divine humanity as that on which they stand. I do not say that he never made mistakes or that his actions were always as high as his best words. All I know is that he is far, far above myself. All I know is that for me and many millions of men he seems still the best and purest that e'er wore our common earth.

Let him and his sign remain still as the basis of the civilized modern church. As the flag and name of Washington thrill the American heart as no other foreign name and sign can, so do the symbol of the cross and the name of Christ thrill now the hearts of the majority of civilized mankind as no other can. Let us take away, indeed, from our public profession of devotion to that name and sign any phrases, of which there are several in the preamble and articles of the constitution of the National Conference, that are calculated to wound and alienate others whom we respect. But let us keep the name and the sign on our banner. In doing that, we yield ourselves not to dogmatic authority, but to the personal leadership of this great character who for so many generations has stood at the head of civilized mankind. He is gathering now new forms about him; and, clad, in them, his spiritual genius will lead us into fresh conquests over sin, into larger ideals of manhood, into deeper love for that humanity he loved far better than his life.

STOPFORD W. BROOKE.

Boston, Mass.

---

*JEWS AND HITTITES.**

Our modern Jews are generally believed to represent a pure and typical branch of the Semitic race; and even authors who are well aware that we find mixed blood on the remotest and apparently most isolated island of the Pacific seemed inclined to admit an exception for the Jews. It seems of interest, therefore, to study Jewish types, not only as to their general impression, but by measuring their heads and skulls and comparing them with other representatives of Semitic nations. The result has been a most striking one.

As Semitic races, or, as others prefer to say, as branches of the Semitic race, we generally consider the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Hebrews, the South Arabian Sabæans, the Phœnicians, the Aramæans, the Abyssinians, and the Bedouins of Northern Arabia and of Mesopotamia. Now, the anatomical characteristics of these eight people, which all are, or have been, speaking typical Semitic lauguages, are most divergent. Only the Bedouins, whose language also is remarkable for its very archaic character, seem to form a homogeneous unity, with little mixture of strange elements. Their modern physique is the same as we see it represented in the earliest Egyptian monuments, and also our earliest skulls of Phœnicians seem identical with old and modern Bedouin skulls, so that we must consider the modern Bedouins as pure descendants of the old Semitic race. They have long, narrow heads, dark complexion, and a short, small, and straight nose, which is in every respect the direct counterpart of what we are accustomed to call a "typical Jewish nose."

But, of our modern Jews, nearly fifty per cent. are brachycephalic, eleven per cent. have fair complexion, and not more than five per cent. correspond to what we have learned to be the real old Semitic type. Still more striking proportions we find if we go to Northern Syria, the land of the old Aramæans. There nearly all the heads are brachycephalic, with indices near to ninety; and these same brachycephalic elements we find everywhere in Western Asia. We find them, more or less prominent, even with the modern Greeks, Armenians, and Turks of Asia Minor; and specially the Armenians are most remarkable for the nearly complete uniformity of their types, for their dark complexion, for their extreme brachycephalism and for their large and hooked "Jewish" nose.

Such and other investigations lead us to the conviction that Syria and Asia Minor were in early times inhabited by a homogeneous and extreme brachycephalic race, of which modern Armenians are the nearly pure descendants, and which we find, more or less mixed with strange elements, in many of the other races that now inhabit Western Asia. This old brachycephalic race, which from its beginning was utterly distinct from any Semitic tribe, and was in physical view the very counterpart of the

* From *Biblia.*

Semites, can only be identified with the Hittites, the same Hittites mentioned as a Syrian tribe in the Bible, which had been a strong and formidable enemy to Ramses II., and were finally conquered by Assyrian kings in long wars and fights, beginning earlier than the times of Assurnassirpal and ending probably only in those of Asarhaddon, as we read in the Assyrian annals from the ninth century to the seventh century B.C.

Recent excavations made for the Prussian government in *Sendjirli*, the old Sammâl, known in Assyrian texts as a Hittite residence in Northern Syria, have brought to light a large series of old Hittite sculptures. The Armenian character of the men represented on the walls and in the royal palaces of this old town is most striking; and we cannot err if we consider the inhabitants of Sammâl as the direct ancestors of the modern Armenians, which still inhabit the neighborhood of the place, ill-treated in our times by Turks and Kourds, and without any knowledge of their glorious history in ancient and mediæval times.

Hittite sculptures are often found connected with a very curious, heavy and bulky looking sort of hieroglyphic inscriptions, which are not yet finally deciphered, but are now getting more and more familiar to us, thanks to the investigations of A. H. Sayce, Peiser, and Peter Jensen. We have no reason to doubt that these hieroglyphs were the only sort of writing known to the Hittites in early times. Now, it is a curious fact that two inscriptions were found, written by native kings, the one in the ninth, the other in the eighth century B.C., both in good old Semitic alphabetical characters, resembling closely the famous inscription of Mesa, king of Moab, and in a language that might be called proto-Aramæan or proto-Hebrew, but which is anyhow old Semitic, and can well be compared with the language of some parts of the Bible.

So the inscriptions I found in Sammâl show that already in the ninth century B.C. Semitic influence was great in Northern Syria, and we can now easily understand how Semitic writing and language soon became dominant among people of Western Asia that were originally without a drop of Semitic blood; and then we understand also why most of our modern Jews have the Armenian type, and not the Semitic,—they are the descendants of an "Armenoïd" population that had only accepted Semitic writing and language in about 1000 B.C.

This is a similar process to what we know for Asia Minor, where millions of the native population were by force converted to the Islâm, and, having accepted also the language of their Turkish conquerors, are now generally taken as real Turks, though their blood is nearly free from Turkish influence, and though they can well be considered as the true and pure descendants of the old natives of their country.

But one thing still remains to explain in the habitus of the modern Jews: it is the fact of eleven per cent. of Jewish individuals with fair complexion and light eyes. All the various theories of recent mixture with Germanic elements would never sufficiently explain this curious fact. We are forced to look out for an *old* origin of the fair complexion of more than one-tenth of modern Jews; and we find it in the intercourse of the old native Syrians with the *Amorites*, the tall "sons of Enak" of the Bible, who were fair, with blue eyes, as old Egyptian painted monuments show us. We are not quite sure as to the real home of these fair Amorites; but they were probably a branch of the same fair race that once inhabited also the north-west coast of Africa, which has left there the megalithic monuments, and is most certainly to be identified with the *Tamchu* of the old Egyptians, the "white people of the north," as their name explains. The Amorites would then be good fair Aryans, not in the linguistical meaning, as "Indo-Europeans," but in the strict sense of physical anthropology.

So we see in our modern Jews the descendants of three different races, the Hittites, the Aryan Amorites, and the Semitic nomads, immigrated into Syria only in about the times of Abraham.

FELIX VON LYSCHAN.
Berlin, Germany.

"This gray, round world, so full of life,
Of hate and love, of calm and strife,
Still ship-like on for ages fares.
How grand it sweeps the eternal blue!
Glide on, fair vessel, till thy crew
Discern how great a lot is theirs."
—*John Sterling.*

BEAUTY: ITS RELATION TO LIFE AND RELIGION.

II.

In some form or other, appreciation of beauty is instinctive with the race. Of course, the beauty that first impresses itself is senuous. As to beauty of form, color, sound, the lower animals themselves sometimes show marked discrimination. Darwin thinks all our most gorgeous fishes, birds, and animals have been rendered so by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females. Birds of Paradise, and some others, have been observed to congregate, while one male after another displays in his best manner his gorgeous plumage. The females stand by as æsthetic judges of the rival claimants for their preference, and at last choose the most attractive partners. So likewise, Mr. Darwin says, "there is the severest rivalry between the males of many species to attract, by singing, the females."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps declares: "Men dress to please themselves. The women dress to please the men." But men and women both dress to please one another. When Nellie spends an hour before the mirror beautifying herself for the evening party, she is pleased with her reflected image, because in the mirror of imagination is another reflected image, that of Henry's smiling approval. And Henry has in mind Nellie, when he so critically inspects his wardrobe: makes trial of his stock of ties, to see which looks the most becoming; baptizes his handkerchief with sweet perfume.

The faculty that responds to external beauty is common to men and women, though the standard of beauty is a variable one. The wife of the Hottentot may be to him just as beautiful as is the fairest of Caucasian women to her husband. When the Englishman entered India, this "white-faced biped animal," says a Hindu, "was synonymous with a representative of the race of monkeys." Even to this day the ignorant in some parts of India (Darwinian-like) believe that white-faced Europeans are descendants of apes and monkeys. The American maiden looks with contemptuous pity on the South Sea Islander, tattooing himself to be beautiful. She endures about as much pain striving for the beauty of a small foot and wasp-waist. And the health reformer sees only ugliness in what are so strangely pleasing to her foolish sister.

Lizzie has a charming person for Thomas; and Frank wonders how his friend can love so homely a girl.

Beauty, then, is a variable quantity. The standard of it, the appreciation of it, differs with different individuals and different stages of development. The perception of beauty is an internal process of transfiguration. The thought and feeling of the individual himself are the retina which reflect form and color as beautiful. The penetration of thought and the warmth of emotion give the world a halo to scientist and poet, which shines not to the savage of the dugout. Under the microscope a speck of the commonest matter becomes a sparkling diamond; and the ugliest insect shows brilliant hues and graceful curves. I saw a diagram of the wing of a mosquito magnified one thousand diameters. It looked to me like a plant with the most delicate leaves, as symmetrical and dainty as a fern. Under the microscope a drop of the foulest water reveals animal life marvellously beautiful in form and color. A noted physician is quoted as saying that "the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health."

This more hidden beauty in nature does not fall upon the eye of many. But there is much beauty that does. For all men the clouds come and go in the most charming variety of drapery and festoons. The rosy-fingered dawn, the sunset's glow, the fretted sky, its lakes of fire and water,—these are the perpetually shifting panorama of the centuries. So old earth, year after year, comes to us in new vesture of enchanting forms and colors.

And Nature has so finely blended in her life the beautiful with the useful. The world is struck through and through with beauty. It is her aspiration, as well as truth and goodness. The process of evolution,—what is it but an upward striving after a fairer creation? Rising out of sea-mud, the world-life mounts from form to form, until it culminates in the most beautiful thing on this earth, a beautiful woman. Nature, then, teaches us that beauty is dear to her, and should find place in our lives as well as utility. If God glorifies himself in

the splendor of the heavens and the beautiful handiwork of earth, shall not man, in imitation of him, likewise glorify himself? If the universe, the body and habitation of the eternally creative spirit, is transfigured with munificent beauty; if God delights in making gorgeous sunsets and dainty clouds, beautiful landscapes and trees and flowers, —why should not woman pay due regard to the beautiful in dress? Why should she not delight in beautiful things? Why should we not make beautiful the home in which we live, the church in which we worship, and the worship itself? Nature incites man to be an artist. It is the high intent of the universe that he shall create the beautiful as well as the useful; for, as Emerson has said, "Man is a beggar who lives only on the useful." The all-enfolding and immanent spirit that flows out into the beauty of the world, now in this form, now in that, now as one combination of lights and shades, now as another,—that self-existent spirit also looks out of the soul of man, and inspires him to imitation and creation.

So art gets its root in a divine sense of the beautiful. The early man who dwelt in a cave did not dwell there long before he sought to vault it in the curve of the heavens. And, when he first constructed a hut, he rounded it to a peak in imitation of the same. At the Columbian Exposition the exhibit of archæological implements, of flints, stone axes, pottery, and the like,—in that exhibit one might discern a struggling after the beauty of form. From that aboriginal stage art has grown through an appreciation of nature's language of the beautiful. Of this language the artist is translator. GEORGE W. BUCKLEY.

Sturgis, Mich.

"A LIBERAL CONGRESS? OR A NEW LIBERAL SECT?"

Such is the caption of an article in the July *Unitarian*, which is copied into the *Universalist*, and followed by an article there. The Rev. R. F. Johonnot of Oak Park is the innocent cause of this little flurry. Will you permit, Mr. Editor, from the chairman of the Committee on Organization a word in reply?

Let us analyze the constitution and basis of the Liberal Congress, and see if it be "a new sect," "a departure from the original call, and the creation of a new body of religionists," "another denomination," "a new church."

1. What is a sect? "A body of persons who have separated from others in virtue of some special doctrine or set of doctrines; a school or denomination." Now, what is the special doctrine or set of doctrines of the Congress? The chairman of the Committee on Organization said of its basis on introducing it: "It stands on the ground of the common substance and spirit of all the various liberal denominations, churches, and Ethical Culture Societies. Thus its position is one of unity, good will, and peace." And again, "We would seek, emphasize, and push the common substance and spirit about which there is no dispute, and which constitute the true church in all churches, the true religion in all religions." Now, such a plan, instead of being the creation of a new sect, a new church, a new denomination, with a new set of special doctrines which separate it from others, is but the affirmation of old doctrine which is common to all, and, therefore, instead of tending in the least degree to separate or divide, must tend powerfully, as far as it has influence, to unite. Its basis is nothing new. It is the old common spirit and substance. It is not a new, but the old religion. Sects rest on dogmas. Denominations rest on dogmas, and new ones on new dogmas.

2. Now read next the objects of the Congress, and it will plainly appear that not a single dogma of any kind, nor any kind of theological speculation or theory, is there. It is wholly made up of administrative principles and a spirit. "Objects,—to unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of other non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful relation of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences

of the past, and keeping itself open to all new light, and the higher development of the future." There is not a single element in this basis of objects that goes to define a new denomination, a new church, or a new sect. It is wholly made up of administrative principles and a spirit. This printed basis, therefore, corresponds with the explanation of the chairman of the committee, who on introducing it said, "Names, rituals, theologies, theories, do not, in our view, concern this Congress, are irrelevant to its purpose." The case of a new sect, a new church, a new denomination, therefore, in the proper sense of those terms, cannot be made out. All that constitutes the basis of this Congress was as old as any of the five liberal bodies that sent delegates to it, and was already imbedded in these. It seems to me utterly impossible intelligently to call such a body "a new body of religionists," "a new sect," "a new church." Then what is it? It is a federation on the basis of that substance and spirit common to five or six already existing denominations. It is a federation, in the just and strict sense of that term, and nothing more. But says the editor of the *Unitarian*, apparently in a tone of disappointment, "It was to be a federation of existing organizations, and not a new church." So it is. And Mr. Johonnot says, "It was distinctly stated at the beginning of this movement that there was no intention of forming a new sect, nor of detaching any society from its present denominational relations." True, and such is the twofold intention still. There is nothing in the constitution of the Congress that requires a society to detach itself from its present denominational relations, nor is there anything to prevent it. It is purely a matter of choice. To the Congress it is a matter of perfect indifference.

3. But another objection seems to rise at this stage. If the basis of the Congress is made up of principles and a spirit which are common to all the liberal bodies represented in it, what is its utility? Curiously enough, both the editor of the *Unitarian* and Mr. Johonnot, so full do they seem of the vision of the danger of a possible new sect, virtually ask what the use of the Congress can be, if we already have substantially the same species of organization in the liberal churches. Says the one, "It cannot be less sectarian than Unitarianism has been." Says the other, "Unless wisely managed, there is serious danger of turning this Congress into an association of independent churches, thus merely creating another Congregational body, differing but slightly from the present Unitarian and Universalist denominations." Suppose it does not differ from them in its fundamental ideas and purposes at all, even "slightly," but is precisely the same. Then what? The query in the minds of these brethren seems to be, Why unite with it, if it be nothing different or new? The obvious answer is, To federate all the forces of the liberal churches as one whole toward certain common ends and aims, which cannot be realized without such organization. The explanation the chairman of the committee made when introducing the plan to the Congress was this: "The friends of this movement believe that the common good and a wise economy of means and energies require a closer co-operation and fellowship of all the liberal religious and ethical force of America, and indeed of the world, for the moral and religious service of mankind, the furthering of the truth they hold in common, the promotion of fraternal feeling, and the removal of misunderstandings and prejudices by a larger contact and acquaintance. We ought to have annual meetings, moreover, for the discussion of various subjects that pertain to our common work and common interests, as well as to the general social, educational, moral, and religious well-being of man. An annual congress of liberal religious and ethical societies would afford this great opportunity, and could not but result in great good. We need a propaganda. We need much more of the evangelical spirit,—not doctrine, but spirit. We need along certain lines where we can work harmoniously a combination of all our forces. This compactness would greatly multiply our weight, efficiency, and influence. By such united effort great economy would be gained, and great waste saved in many localities." In my judgment, these remarks disclose the true and real inwardness and whole absolute intent of the Congress.

But the editor of the *Unitarian* asks, "With a new sect (?) or denomination in the field, of course the question will at once

arise with most of us, To which body, the old or the new, shall we give our allegiance and our financial support?" In view of the real nature of the case, the confusion of thought involved in the above is curious and interesting. The plain answer is, To both for the purposes of each: to the Congress for the betterment and advancement of all the common interests; to the denomination to conserve its special interests. The United States and the several States furnish at this point a perfect parallel to the constitution and basis of the Liberal Congress in its relation to the several liberal religious bodies. The United States rests and founds itself on those common ideas of freedom, administration, constitution, law, political doctrine, and spirit which already existed in all the colonies, and which now exist in all the States. It was not a new kind of civil government that was created by the Union. It was but a federation of an already existing kind of civil government, which was previously parcelled out into several lesser spheres, having their individual peculiarities, into one filling a larger sphere. This did not create a new species. It only consolidated the whole toward the larger common ends, aims, and purposes. So here.

There is still another difficulty which arises in the minds of the brethren that appears formidable. The incorporation of the Congress seems to have been the action which in their eyes transformed its whole character. Mr. Johonnot says, "But by incorporating itself as a legal body, by undertaking all the functions of an ecclesiastical body, the Congress has gone a long way toward becoming a new religious denomination." Then, in Mr. Johonnot's opinion, it has not yet quite "got there." Note again here the confusion of thought. How can incorporation change the essential nature of a basis? The editor of the *Unitarian* says: "It was to be a federation of existing organizations, not the creation of a new church. But the Congress adopted a plan of permanent organization which seems to depart quite radically from the original purpose." Seems. Seems? Let us look at the force of incorporation a little. Did it change the nature of the Constitution of the United States, and turn it into a new kind of civil rule, to incorporate? Does it make the Young Men's Christian Association a new religious sect or denomination to incorporate it? Or the Evangelical Alliance? Does the incorporation of State and general conventions among Universalists, or of any State and National Conferences among the Unitarians, create "new churches," "new bodies of religionists," out of these people? Mere incorporation, then, has no transforming power. But, if it has, then necessarily there are as many different sects and denominations among Universalists and Unitarians as they severally have incorporated churches, conventions, and conferences. The only power of incorporation is to give more permanency and stability to that which is, and to enable it to act as a legal person. It cannot change the essential nature of the organization itself. And, in the case in hand, it confers no new authority on the Congress to act outside its original and proper basis, nor does it add to it any new principle, any new spirit, any new doctrine. Its advantage in the present case is this. Besides increasing the stability and efficiency of the Congress, it will be more likely to invite gifts and bequests.

One might well suppose that we are now through with objections, but we are not. There is one more. "The Congress undertakes all the functions of an ecclesiastical body," says Mr. Johonnot. Says the editor of the *Unitarian*, "Then it goes forward to adopt by-laws and regulations such as are adapted to the needs of a new religious denomination." What do these brethren admit the Congress was originally called for? One admits, "For the purpose of closer kinship and of fuller co-operation." The other admits, "It, the Congress, marks the beginning which must be made before practical co-operation can come." All who signed the original call must admit that its chief and vital purpose was much more of co-operation among the liberal bodies. Now, how can they co-operate without acting? And how can they act without performing a function? And, if they are a religious organization, how can they perform a function without performing an ecclesiastical function? And how can they, rationally and wisely, perform it without regulations and by-laws to go by? And if they thus co-operate to organize new churches on the basis of the principles and spirit of the

Congress, which are those of all the societies represented in it, does this make them "a new sect," "a new denomination," "a new body of religionists," and not rather a federation of the bodies already existing, acting toward common ends and purposes? And if they farther publish papers representing the common interests, and send out missionaries to do the common work of the liberal bodies, and establish summer or other schools for the benefit of ministers and others, is not the result in its character still the same? Does it make the United States a new kind of civil government to erect territories into new States? The Congress only multiplies in all this the weight, reach, and power of that which already exists in the old societies. The only thing new here is the federation, and its larger work.

To sum up. The basis of the Congress, being only the common substance and spirit of all the associated societies, it does not erect a new church, denomination, or sect.

Its incorporation makes it nothing new in any denominational sense.

To do the common work of its several federated societies is not to assume any ecclesiastical functions which change its essential nature. It is only doing an old kind of work under a new form of advantage.

A. N. Alcott.

Elgin, Ill.

We are glad to print from Mr. Alcott the above very full elucidation of his views as to the character and aims of the Liberal Congress. We have never had any doubt that what many persons who are in the Congress intend, and among the rest what Mr. Alcott intends, is a real congress or federation of liberal societies, and not a new sect. But that others have a different intention there are, we are sorry to say, some indications. The truth seems to be that nobody can yet tell what the new movement is to become. Time must prove. It is plain that its constitution is of such a nature as to allow it to become either what Mr. Alcott wants or something very different from what he wants. The clause in the constitution which proposes "to foster and encourage the organization of other non-sectarian churches and societies" opens the door wide to the possibility, if not to the probability, of its becoming a sect in every sense in which the Unitarian or Universalist churches of this country, or the Ethical Culture societies, are sects. Mr. Alcott claims that it takes formulated creeds and theological doctrines to make a sect. But he is quite mistaken. The Baptists and Disciples have no formulated creeds, yet they are sects. There may be ethical sects as well as theological. Get a lot of churches organized on a sociological basis, and we have a sociological sect. The Positivist societies, formed by the followers of Auguste Comte, calling themselves the Church of Humanity, are not only non-theological, but anti-theological, yet they are one of the most intensely sectarian of sects.

It would be easier to accept Mr. Alcott's declarations that the movement which has been inaugurated in Chicago is not to become a sect, were it not for the fact that there are others, and even more influential leaders in the movement than he, who talk differently. As is well known, Mr. Jones has withdrawn his church in Chicago from the Unitarian fellowship that it may become a pioneer in the new movement,—the new "Church of Humanity." He urges other Unitarian churches to follow. This does not look like a simple confederation of the various now existing liberal denominations. Many things have been said by Mr. Jones and others, both in public addresses and in print, since the Chicago meeting, which do not seem to harmonize with Mr. Alcott's thought, but which emphasize the thought of "a new church," "a new people's church," "a new non-theological church," "a new American church," "the Church of Humanity," etc. It is these things, taken together with the provision in the constitution to foster and encourage the organization of churches and societies, that has raised the inquiry, not only with us, but in many other quarters, Does the new movement mean simply a liberal congress? or does it mean a new liberal sect or denomination? It is probably too early to answer the question. Time must settle it. The proof of the pudding must be in the eating. We were among the original signers of the call for the Congress, and have been interested in it from the beginning. None will regret more than we if it shall be deflected from its original purpose. We shall await farther developments with interest. As we said in our July issue, there is clearly room for an

association whose object shall be to bring the various liberal religious bodies (better still all religious bodies, orthodox as well as liberal) into better acquaintance and fuller co-operation; but there is no room for a new denomination, orthodox or liberal. It will be a poor outcome of the great Parliament of Religions of last year if it shall result in our having more sects in this country instead of fewer.—EDITOR.

THE LATE GOV. BLAIR OF MICHIGAN.

In the death of ex-Governor Austin Blair, which occurred at his home in Jackson on August 6, Michigan loses one of its foremost citizens, and the most conspicuous and illustrious man that has ever filled the gubernatorial chair of the State. He was the last of the three great "war governors" to pass away, Andrew of Massachusetts and Morton of Indiana having both died several years ago.

He was born in Tompkins County, New York, in 1818, and was descended of Scotch ancestors, who originally settled, on coming to the country, near Worcester, Mass. He graduated from Union College in 1837, and, having been admitted to the bar in New York, moved to Michigan in 1841. At the time of his death he had been a resident of Jackson for more than fifty years. He had filled many offices,—prosecuting attorney of his county, member of the State House of Representatives, member of the State Senate, member of the National House of Representatives, and Governor of the State. The last office held by him was that of regent of the University of Michigan, his term of eight years expiring in 1890. None of these positions were sought by him; and they were all filled with ability, integrity, and honor.

Austin Blair was not a politician in the narrow and selfish sense. He would not be the bound slave of any party. Conscience, not his party's platform, was his guide. His early political affiliations were with the Whig party. In 1844 that party elected him to the legislature of the State. Two years later he was defeated by conservative members of that party because he maintained that the law should make no distinctions in citizenship or suffrage on account of color. It was more than a quarter of a century before the people of Michigan embodied in their fundamental law the principle thus early advocated by this brave young lawyer. Probably some timid and self-seeking souls thought that the young lawyer had made a mistake in following his conscientious convictions rather than the demands of his party. But the events of twenty-five years have shown that he was right, and to-day one of his highest titles to honor and respect is that he was ready to sacrifice party success and personal advancement in his generous advocacy of the rights of a defenceless and friendless race.

While he was a member of the State legislature, that relic of barbarism, capital punishment, was abolished in Michigan; and it was owing mainly to his able and eloquent advocacy that that more humane and Christian legislation was enacted, and the people of Michigan were forever relieved of the horrible, loathsome, demoralizing, and totally unnecessary duty of deliberately destroying human life. Austin Blair believed that an enlightened and civilized people ought to be able, and were able, to take safe care of their helpless criminals without killing them.

The present fame of Governor Blair rests mainly upon his conduct of the office of Governor of Michigan during the war. He was one of the first to send words of support and encouragement to President Lincoln at the beginning of the great struggle. In a message to the legislature early in January, 1861, when good and loyal men everywhere throughout the North were dazed by events, hardly knowing what to do, and we believe before any other State executive had officially spoken, he uses these stirring and patriotic words:—

The authority of the Union must be enforced in all parts of it, at whatever cost. We deeply deplore the unnatural contest which is upon us. On the heads of the traitors who provoked it must rest the responsibility. In such a contest the God of battles has no attribute that can take sides with the revolutionists of the South and the champions of human slavery. I recommend you at an early day to make manifest to the gentlemen who represent this State in the two Houses of Congress, and to the country, that Michigan is loyal to the Union, the Con-

stitution, and the laws, and will defend them to the uttermost, and to proffer to the President of the United States the whole military power of the State for that purpose.

During the four years that he was governor he devoted his entire time and energies to its duties—to the total neglect of a lucrative law practice—upon a miserable salary of one thousand dollars per year, and even that paid in a depreciated currency. He was indefatigable in raising, organizing, and equipping the ninety thousand men which Michigan sent to the field during his administration. He felt a personal pride in the glory which their efficiency and bravery reflected upon the State. He often visited them in the field, encouraging them in the camp with his patriotic eloquence, and cheered them in the hospital with his kindly sympathy. On retiring from the office of governor, in January, 1865, he addressed the legislature in behalf of the soldiers at the front:—

For the last time I commend the Michigan troops to your continued care and support. They have never failed in their duty to country or State. Upon every great battlefield of the war their shouts have been heard, and their sturdy blows have been delivered for union and victory. Their hard-earned fame is a treasure word of every household in the State, and their blood has been poured out in large measure to redeem the rebellious South from its grave sin and curse. At this hour they stand under the flag of their country, far away from home, in every quarter where the enemy is to be met. In every situation their bravery has won the approval of their commanders, and their heroic endurance of hardships has added lustre to their name. It is my sole regret at leaving office that I part with them. My earnest efforts for their good shall follow while I live; and now from this place I bid them hail and farewell.

He was faithful to his pledge. He never lost his interest in the Michigan soldiers who engaged in the war; and his address to a gathering of them, not many months ago, when referring to their increasing years and infirmities, and his own feeble health, and the fact that he should never meet them again, was touching in the extreme, and brought tears to the eyes of the battle-scarred veterans who listened to him.

Gov. Blair was a man of great ability and powerful eloquence as a public speaker, and to this eloquence he owed in a great measure his political success. His chief characteristics were sincerity, integrity, and courage. He impressed his audiences with these qualities, and moved them to action, as an orator clothed in such a panoply always does.

As we have intimated, he was not a good party man, and never followed his party when it ceased to represent his convictions. He left the Whig party in 1848 because it did not take positive ground against the extension of slavery. He would not vote with the Whigs in 1852 because the party favored the fugitive slave law, and the compromise measures adopted by Congress two years before. He helped to organize the Republican party in 1854, and acted with it until he left it in 1872, with Sumner and Greeley and Julian, and many others of its leading and most distinguished men. While he was often unfaithful to his party, he was never unfaithful to his convictions; and he followed those convictions with child-like sincerity and manly courage at whatever danger and cost to himself. His private and public integrity were above suspicion; and, with many chances to become rich by the opportunities which his public life threw in his way, he died poor. But for him to be poor was little hardship. Modest, simple, unostentatious in his tastes and in his home, he would much rather serve himself than be served by others. His life verifies the truth of the Oriental saying: "He became great among his fellow-citizens because he was willing to become their servant."

In his religious belief Gov. Blair was an earnest Unitarian. For several years he was president of the Michigan Unitarian Conference, and took an active part in its meetings. Often, in the absence of a pastor, he conducted services in the Unitarian church at his home in Jackson. In religion, as in politics, Gov. Blair recognized no guide and bowed before no authority but his reason and conscience. From their decision he would make no appeal,—to the one he was as obedient as a faithful child to its mother, to the other as faithful as an ancient knight to his mistress.

Theodore Parker somewhere says that a lady was once asked by John Quincy Adams

to translate for him the words of Tacitus, "Par negotiis neque supra," and replied that a *good* translation could be made in five words,—*Equal to, not above duty*,—but remarked that a *better* translation could be made in three words,—*John Quincy Adams.* I am tempted to say that the *best* translation could be made in two words,—*Austin Blair.*

W. D. HARRIMAN.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

The death of Charles Gounod last year (October 15) attracted less attention in this country than his eminence in the musical world warranted. Outside of our distinctly musical journals and one or two of our monthly magazines, the event elicited scarcely more than the merest mention in our periodicals. In this respect we presented a not quite pleasing or creditable contrast with England, where his death was extensively noticed and made an occasion for calling general public attention to his life and his valuable services to music.

While Gounod cannot be ranked with the greatest musical composers of the world, as Bach and Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, Haydn and Schubert, he may safely be set down as one of the two or three greatest—perhaps the very greatest—of the French composers of the past generation. Indeed, he has written several musical works, both in oratorio and opera, as well as a number of short compositions, some of them religious and some secular, which are perhaps as sure of permanent life as anything produced in any country during the second half of this century.

To say that he lived all his life in France is perhaps to say that he belongs to what is known as the French school of composers. But he is one of the best representatives of that school. Indeed, if we may divide French composers into two companies, we shall find Gounod's place in that which is sometimes called not strictly French, but German-French, because it has studied sympathetically and appreciatively the great German masters, and has much in common with them. Gounod was a diligent student of the great Germans, and always spoke of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart, particularly Mozart, as his masters. And, if he did not always wholly escape the sentimentalism of the French school, he did escape its frivolity, while he manifested much of the seriousness, the self-control, and the elevation of the best Germans.

He was born in Paris in the year 1818, and hence was seventy-five years of age at the time of his death.

His father was an artist, and his mother an ardent amateur musician.

The father died when the boy was only five or six years old. The mother gave the son piano lessons. She did not, however, wish him to become a musician by profession, but only to learn music as an accomplishment. But from the first he liked music better than anything else, and by the time he was twelve or fourteen years of age it was evident that music would be his lifework. In addition to his music he took an extended course of literary study, and graduated from the College of St. Louis, taking the degree of LL.B.

For several years he was a special student of music at the Paris Conservatory, where he took a second prize at nineteen, and at twenty-one a first prize. This latter entitled him to a three years' residence for musical study in Rome and a year of travel and study in Germany, with all expenses paid. His years in Rome were a very important time in his history. He studied hard, under good masters, taking the works of the great Palestrina for his model, thus laying a solid foundation for himself as a composer. Indeed, while in Rome, he composed a mass or two and several songs of much beauty.

In another way also he was affected by his life in Rome. His nature was impressive and emotional. While in the conservatory in Paris he had been much influenced by one of his teachers, who was a devout Roman Catholic, and drawn into somewhat active sympathy with that Church. Going to Rome with these feelings, and thus coming under the strong influence of Catholicism, his religious nature was still more awakened. The city of Rome itself and all the pomp and ceremony and music and art that he found associated with the venerable and imposing Catholic Church there greatly impressed his young and ardent nature. For a time he contemplated giving up his profession of music and entering the priest-

hood, and with that thought in mind made his home for a while in a Catholic seminary. After he returned to Paris, the question still haunted him for a number of years, Ought he not to enter the service of the Church as a priest? He even went so far as to pursue theological studies in Paris for two years. At last, however, the decision was made to be true to his first love, and devote his life to music. But, undoubtedly, the drawing which he felt for so many years toward the Church always influenced in a marked degree his character as a composer. It is to this that we owe the fact that nearly or quite half the music which he wrote during his long life was religious music.

At the end of his four years of absence in Rome and Germany, he settled down in Paris, where he spent all the rest of his life, with the exception of a single period of about five years. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, he went to London to avoid being in Paris during the siege, and continued to reside in the British capital until 1875.

His fame as a musician grew slowly. The first distinct recognition of his ability was in England. In 1851 several selections from a mass that he had composed were performed at a concert in St. Martin's Hall, London. They elicited glowing eulogiums from the critics in the London press. One of these eulogiums from the *Athenæum* was reprinted in Paris, and waked up that city for the first time to a consciousness that it had among its citizens an unrecognized musical composer.

This led him to compose his first opera, "Sappho," which, however, did not meet with much success. Several others followed, but none that was successful until 1858, when he gave to the world a comic opera, "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," which met with considerable public favor.

No real success came to him, however, until 1859, when his great opera, "Faust," appeared. At first there was some doubt in the public mind even about this; but the doubt was soon removed. It was not long before the musical world became convinced that it had in Gounod a really great composer.

It has been said of him that no great musical writer ever produced so many works that failed. Some that he composed with the greatest care and pains, and himself believed to embody his best genius, fell dead when presented to the public. A few of these have been revived with some little success in after years or in other countries; but most of them have been or soon will be entirely forgotten except beautiful fragments rescued from them,—a song from this, a chorus from that, a bit of orchestration from another,—which will live as rare gems entirely independent of and apart from the larger works to which they originally belonged.

But, in spite of his many failures, Gounod achieved many successes, so that little by little he rose to the high place which he occupies to-day. The poverty and obscurity of the earlier part of his life were changed to honor and even to wealth in his later years.

His fame rests chiefly upon his two operas, "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet"; his two oratorios, the "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita"; and upon his miscellaneous shorter music, which is extensive and varied, some of it being religious, and some not.

As already intimated, his "Faust" was the work that established his fame. It is founded indirectly upon the great poem of Goethe.

It is interesting to learn that no fewer than sixteen musical versions, more or less complete, of Goethe's poem, have been given to the world, and by such musical masters as Spohr, Schumann, Liszt, Berlioz, and others of less note. Among them all, Gounod's opera holds perhaps the first place. As we should expect, Gounod gives especial prominence to the sentiment side of the poem, and is particularly strong in the part of Marguerite and the love scenes.

Gounod's "Faust" has been played in all the leading countries of the world, and translated into all the leading languages. In Paris it has been performed more than a thousand times. Such a success is without a parallel in the annals of the French opera.

"Romeo and Juliet" may be said to have marked the culmination of Gounod's career. It is of course based upon Shakespeare's play, as its title indicates. This opera is pronounced by many critics to be equal in merit to "Faust," though it has not become quite so general a favorite. It has been performed in Paris more than five hundred times.

Of Gounod's two great oratorios which I have named, the "Redemption" appeared earliest. It was performed for the first time in Birmingham, England, in 1882; and in the winter of 1883–84 it was first produced in this country, in New York City, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Gounod himself gave the work the double title, "The Redemption, a Sacred Trilogy"; and on the opening page he wrote, "The work of my life." It is a lyrical setting of the passion and death of Christ; his life on the earth, from his resurrection to his ascension; and the spread of Christianity through the mission of the apostles.

The "Mors et Vita" appeared three years after the "Redemption," having been performed for the first time at the great Birmingham Festival of 1885. It is really a continuation of the "Redemption," though it was written in Latin, while the "Redemption" was written in French. The work is divided into three parts. The first is called "Mors," or "Death," and is short. The second is entitled "Judgment," and includes "the Sleep of the Dead," "the Trumpets of the Last Judgment," "the Resurrection of the Dead," etc. The third part is entitled "Vita," or "Life," and includes "the Vision of Saint John," as set forth in the Apocalypse, closing with a "Hosanna in Excelsis," exulting in the glorious vision of the heavenly Jerusalem.

There are differences of opinion as to which is the greater work, the "Mors et Vita" or the "Redemption." The older work is perhaps a little more widely known; but the later work seems to be steadily gaining in favor. It may yet outstrip the earlier.

Both works are full of genuine religious sentiment. To be sure, judged of from a liberal religious standpoint, both contain an abundance of theology that is artificial, unreal, and dismal to the last degree. But in this respect they are no worse than most other oratorios, and not so bad as some. The day of oratorios based on broad spiritual, and rational religion has not yet come. Indeed, one of the dark sides of religion is seen in the fact that so much of the religious music of Christendom, in all its forms, is as yet wedded to and made a promulgator of an outgrown and unworthy theology.

The liberation of music from this degrading bondage, and the joining of it to views of God, the Bible, Christ, salvation, life, death, and the hereafter that are reasonable and ethical and uplifting, is a work that awaits the broader-minded musical composers of the future. Sooner or later it will be done. And, when it is done, it will be one of the most important services ever rendered to music, to religion, and to humanity.

I say both the "Redemption" and the "Mors et Vita" of Gounod contain a framework of the old dark theology, as of course is to be expected, when we remember that the composer was a sincere Catholic. Yet it is only fair and just to add that, besides this theology, there is found in both oratorios a great deal of the most tender, noble, and beautiful religious thought and sentiment. Indeed, as an eminent musical critic has well said, "The feeling manifested in these oratorios is never anything but religious: the hearer is always surrounded by an atmosphere of devotion."

Gounod produced many other religious works of greater or less magnitude besides these oratorios. Some of these are compositions of rare beauty, as the "Mass of Saint Cecilia," a "Mass in C minor," a "Mass of the Sacred Heart," a "Mass to the Memory of Joan of Arc," a mass for two voices, three solemn masses, two requiem masses, a "Stabat Mater," a "Te Deum," "Jesus by the Lake of Tiberias," and several motets, also many sacred songs, and a very widely known, popular, and beautiful "Ave Maria," or "Meditation upon the First Prelude of Bach."

Something ought to be added to what has already been said, regarding the leading qualities and characteristics of Gounod as a composer, and of the music which he has given to the world. In him we do not find, at least in their highest measure, the strength, the vigor, the high intellectual qualities, the daring, the wide mastery of resource, the mighty passion, and yet the still mightier self-control that we find in the very greatest of the German masters. He is rather a dreamer than an actor. He is something of a sentimentalist. He has a hint of the feminine in him. He has in him also a touch of the mystic. He does not lack in originality or in fertility, but they manifest themselves in the direction of feel-

ing rather than of thought. His sympathies are wide and generous. His perceptions of the beautiful in nature and art are most keen. His emotions are ardent. Whenever he approaches religion, he is devout. His music is pre-eminently the music of love. Human love is the key-note of both his "Faust" and his "Romeo and Juliet"; and divine love is the key-note of both his "Redemption" and his "Mors et Vita."

His religious music is pre-eminently the music of faith, trust, dependence. Seldom does it embody anything of battle or struggle. Of doubt and those internal conflicts that come from doubt he seems to know nothing. Thus he is a true Catholic, not a Protestant. For Catholicism is pre-eminently the religion of faith and acquiescence. It accepts what is given, and asks no questions. Its ideal is submission. Its religion is therefore, above all else, a religion of resignation and obedience.

Of course, this is all true and good in its place. But it is partial. It is not all there is of religion. It needs to be balanced and supplemented by the more masculine and vigorous traits of courage, hope, inquiry, faith in reason, faith in truth, faith in human nature, faith in the future as well as the past, faith in right as certain to triumph by and by, faith in God as the God of the unchained mind. Thus, by a union of the two,—what Gounod has for us on the one hand and what the great German composers have on the other, what Catholicism offers and what Protestantism offers,—by a union of these two, but not otherwise, may we hope to get a development of religious music that shall be rounded, complete, suited to the full needs of men. It is hardly possible to estimate the debt that humanity owes to music, and therefore to the great composers who have given us music in its noblest and most enduring forms.

Anything is a good that gives to mankind a pure pleasure. But what pleasure can be purer than that which comes from noble music?

It is true, music may be allied with vice, with impurity, with sin, with moral degradation of many kinds, just as every form of art may be. But that is not the fault of the music or of the other arts. These of themselves are pure and elevating; and it is man's shame that he ever allows them to be allied with what can degrade.

Wide and rich and lasting are the resources for pleasure-giving that music possesses. Men everywhere should avail themselves of these resources far more than they do. If we sang more, we should weep less. Most of us mingle far too little recreation with our toiling lives. But what form of recreation is so universally available and at the same time so beautiful as music?

We are beginning to learn that music is a therapeutic, a healer of men. Our wisest physicians are urging, as did the physicians of ancient Greece, that it may wisely be introduced into the treatment of all mental and many physical diseases. The cases are numberless in which bright and joyous or gentle and soothing music will do more for one who is ill than any drug.

There is no such sweetener and sanctifier of homes as music. Thousands of homes that are dull and dreary now, that are so unattractive that wives gladly go out from them to talk idle gossip with neighbors, and husbands willingly desert them for the more inviting public house, and young people steal away from them to low amusements and evil associations, would be transformed, and made attractive to husband and wife and children, and be turned into little heavens on earth, by the coming in to dwell there of the sweet angels of music.

What a rival to the wine-cup music might be made! If we could everywhere in our cities and villages throughout the land have cheap, say ten-cent, concerts, of good music, with a chance to get at the same time a cup of coffee or a glass of lemonade or a bowl of hot soup and a biscuit, what a difference it would make in the numbers that would be found in the saloons!

Music is a noble counteractant to the materialism of our time. To interest one in music is to introduce a spiritual element into his life. In music's charmed presence the sordid and the earthly fly away, and one finds undreamed of doors opening into realms of the ideal, where dwell love and hope and aspiration and faith and all the daughters of light.

How great a benefactor to the world, then, is a composer of noble music! How worthy to be loved and honored in his life, and remembered with gratitude after he is dead!

J. T. Sunderland.

A GLANCE AT TWO NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

There was published a short time ago a curious, suggestive, and learned work entitled "The Apology and Acts of Apollonius," edited by F. C. Conybeare, M.A., late Fellow of University College, Oxford. I am not going to review it, but simply to give two or three quotations from it, which will be sufficient to indicate its candor and its interest to Liberal Christians. From its pages one sees that most of the early Christian writers—judged by our modern standard of literary fidelity or historic accuracy—were deplorable delinquents. They had no hesitation whatever in altering or recasting documents to suit every fresh development of moral conception or dogmatic belief. "What was believed," says Mr. Conybeare, "in the first century was not believed in the same way, and was not at all believed in the second; and what was orthodox in the second century was, in many cases, insufficiently explicit in the third and fourth centuries."

But the fourth century was always equal to the task of setting the first or second century right in matters of faith or fact, and even reckoned it meritorious so to do. There was no conscious dishonesty in the process. Thus one Hilarion, in his colophon to the Armenian "Acts of Athanagines," states that, in composing the Acts, he "on paper made orthodox all that was said" (by the various actors). Athanagines was, doubtless, like other martyrs of Nicomedia, an Arian.

Apollonius, martyred at Rome 185 A.D., was a man seemingly of senatorial rank, and a philosopher to boot. His second-century creed was chiefly remarkable for its simplicity:—

Thus, in the Acts of Apollonius, Christ is merely said to have been the Word of God, made man in Judea, where he taught all goodness to men, and was crucified. No mention is here made of his resurrection or his miraculous birth. As Apollonius was familiar with Saint Paul's Epistles, the omission of the resurrection from his creed must be accidental. But the absence in such professions of faith of references to the miraculous birth from a virgin is so frequent that we may infer that it was not universally received among Christians of the second century, as, indeed, we know from Justin Martyr that it was not. Sometimes we read simply that Christ was born into the world in an ineffable manner; *e.g.*, in the Acts of even so late a saint as Demetrius of Thessalonica. In the third century the references to the Virgin become fairly common, though no early martyr ever invoked her aid. Their prayers were ever addressed to Jesus, the Messiah. Toward the end of the third century, and not before, do we meet in genuine Acts with the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. Before that epoch the saints were content with the simpler formula of God the Father, and of his Son Jesus Christ.

An interesting fact is that Cyprian, in the third century, was the first to introduce among the Carthaginian churches the "apostolic wine" of "the Eucharist." Until his day water was the liquid element in use! This is, I believe, the element used in the communion service in the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga. It is the element which Rev. R. A. Armstrong wishes to see substituted for wine among us here in England. The Carthaginian churches anticipated us!

Let us glance at another new book.

It was in the midst of the cataclysm of 1798 that Jean Paul Marat uttered the remarkable dictum, "The Revolution is in the Gospel." The Bishop of Durham, in a remarkable volume, "The Incarnation and Common Life," has been saying much the same thing. "The thoughts of a true Socialism, that all men are one man in Christ, sons of God and brethren, suffering and rejoicing together, that each touches all, and all touch each with an inevitable influence, that as we live by others we can find no rest till we live for others,—these are fundamentally Christian ideas." Dr. Westcott does not indeed subscribe to Socialist economic theories, but this is a broad concession for the Bishop of Durham to make. Probably he would prefer to work out the principle which he lays down on the lines of voluntary co-operation, but he can hardly have ignored the consideration that many of those who read his words will insist that his principle should be formulated in law. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the latest writer on Evolution and Society, who finds fault with Professor Huxley for failing to recognize moral authority as the main principle of social development, goes as far as the Bishop, if not farther, when he contends

that the native or innate equality of all men is a doctrine which has been promulgated by Christianity. The prophets of the Labor Churches, who are constantly appealing from the Churches to the authority of Christ, may call in these two witnesses on behalf of their contentions. Curiously enough, it is Rev. Llewellyn Davies, one of the most liberal of Churchmen, who enters a protest against such abstract teaching. "Take the creation where you will," he says, "and you find that differences, variety, inequality, are its essential features; that equality is an impossible condition." All that you can do is to diminish existing inequality. Looking at the existing conditions of life, that is apparently true as regards this generation, and perhaps the next, and the next; but, surely, we are so far from the goal that there is ample room to strive toward approximation till, at any rate, the last living man has ceased to trouble himself with the affairs of this life.

S. Fletcher Williams.

London, Eng.

---

*THE FIRST COMMUNION.**

Father of love, the sweet home road
  Hath led me to the spot
Where part the ways of life; and I,
With heart that lifts to thee her cry,
  Choose now my future lot.

One road lies smiling in the sun,
  Tracked with undreamed of flowers,
That mark as far as eye can see
The winding path of destiny
  To far-off happy bowers.

While from the thickets gay and bright
  The song-birds trill and call:
Each wind wafts breaths of perfumed air,
And up from groups of dancers fair
  The voices rise and fall.

It is the road to self. O God,
  I seek not self, but thee!
Help me to choose the other way
That is more glad, if not so gay,
  But wonderful and free.

I cannot see its turns that pass
  O'er hills, through hidden dales,
Beneath the changeful springtime hours,
The morning light, the sudden showers,
  The unknown fields and vales.

But I can catch the heaven-tuned songs,
  And sometimes, unawares,
The sun-tipped crags send back the glen
The passion of some great Amen
  That tells of pilgrims' prayers.

And soft I hear a voice I love.
  It cries, "Come, follow me."
And it will lead me right, I know.
O Captain Christ, with thee I go,
  A pilgrim to the sea!

My Father God, my choice is made,
  My Captain's life is mine:
Oh, give me strength in prayer and praise
To tread the path of love-spent days,
  And live the life divine!

Until I reach the solemn sea,
  The land-road's journey past,
On ocean waves of perfect love
To infinite perfection move,
  And lose myself at last.

L. Ormiston Chant.

*Written for Emmeline on her first communion, Aug. 5, 1894.

"*SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.*"

Beatrice Harraden's story, "Ships that pass in the Night," is not a great work; but it is interesting, and the wide reading which it is finding is not surprising. It is a pathological study of symptoms and phases of sick bodies and minds. The scene is laid at Petershof, a famous Old World health resort. The *dramatis personæ* are invalids who are seeking health, and friends who have accompanied them, and who, while easing their consciences by their presence, manifest their profound sympathy for themselves by having as gay a time as possible, often quite regardless of the requirements of the often selfishly exacting invalids dependent upon their care. And yet, though poor weak human nature is thus dissected before our eyes, even down to the core of its weakness, the knife is also made to reveal redeeming traits of quite unexpected kinds and in quite unexpected places, so that the outcome of the book is a tenderer sympathy for human frailty and a surer trust in human nature as a whole.

As illustrative of the charm of the book, we reproduce the following apologue from its pages:—

THE TRAVELLER AND THE TEMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Countless ages ago a traveller, much worn with journeying, climbed up the last bit of rough road which led to the summit of a high mountain. There was a temple on that mountain, and the traveller had vowed that he would reach it before death prevented him. He knew the journey was long and the road rough. He knew that the moun-

tain was the most difficult of ascent of that mountain chain called "The Ideals." But he had a strongly hoping heart and a sure foot. He lost all sense of time, but he never lost the feeling of hope.

"Even if I faint by the wayside," he said to himself, "and am not able to reach the summit, still it is something to be on the road which leads to the High Ideals."

That was how he comforted himself when he was weary. He never lost more hope than that, and surely that was little enough. And now he had reached the temple. He rang the bell, and an old white-haired man opened the gate. He smiled sadly when he saw the traveller.

"*And yet another one,*" he murmured.

"Old white-haired man," he said, "tell me —and so I have come at last to the wonderful Temple of Knowledge. I have been journeying hither all my life. Ah! it is hard work climbing up to the Ideals."

The old man touched the traveller on the arm.

"Listen," he said gently. "This is not the Temple of Knowledge. And the Ideals are not a chain of mountains: they are a stretch of plains, and the Temple of Knowledge is in their centre. You have come the wrong road. Alas, poor traveller!"

The light in the traveller's eyes had faded. The hope in his heart died. And he became old and withered. He leaned heavily on his staff.

"Can one rest here?" he asked wearily.

"No."

"Is there a way down the other side of these mountains?"

"No."

"What are these mountains called?"

"They have no name."

"And the temple,—how do you call the temple?"

"It has no name."

"Then I call it the Temple of Broken Hearts," said the traveller.

And he turned and went, but the old white-haired man followed him.

"Brother," he said, "you are not the first to come here, but you may be the last. Go back to the plains, and tell the dwellers in the plains that the Temple of True Knowledge is in their very midst. Any one may enter it who chooses. The gate is not even closed. The Temple has always been in the plains, in the very heart of life, and work and daily effort. The philosopher may enter, the stone-breaker may enter. You must have passed it every day of your life, —a plain, venerable building, unlike your glorious cathedrals."

"I have seen the children playing near it," said the traveller. "When I was a child, I used to play there. Ah, if I had only known! Well, the past is the past."

He would have rested against a huge stone, but that the old white-haired man prevented him.

"Do not rest," he said. "If you once rest there, you will not rise again. When you once rest, you will know how weary you are."

"I have no wish to go farther," said the traveller: "my journey is done. It may have been in the wrong direction, but still it is done."

"Nay, do not linger here," urged the old man: "retrace your steps. Though you are broken-hearted yourself, you may save others from breaking their hearts. Those whom you meet on the road you can turn back. Those who are but starting in this direction you can bid pause, and consider how mad it is to suppose that the Temple of True Knowledge should have been built on an isolated and dangerous mountain. Tell them that, though God seems hard, he is not so hard as all that. Tell them that the Ideals are not a mountain range, but their own plains where their great cities are built, and where the corn grows, and where men and women are toiling, sometimes in sorrow and sometimes in joy."

"I will go," said the traveller.

And he started. But he had grown old and weary. And the journey was long, and the retracing of one's steps is more toilsome than the tracing of them. The ascent, with all the vigor and hope of life to help him, had been difficult enough: the descent, with no vigor and no hope to help him, was almost impossible. So that it was not probable that the traveller lived to reach the plains; but, whether he reached them or not, still he had started.

And not many travellers do that.

The lesson of the apologue, and of the entire book, is found in the following:—

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

Failure and Success passed away from earth, and found themselves in a foreign land. Success still wore her laurel wreath which she had worn on earth. There was a look of ease about her whole appearance; and there was a smile of pleasure and satisfaction on her face, as though she knew she had done well and had deserved her honors.

Failure's head was bowed. No laurel wreath encircled it. Her face was wan and pain-engraven. She had once been beautiful and hopeful, but she had long since lost both hope and beauty. They stood together, these two, waiting for an audience with the Sovereign of the foreign land. An old, gray-haired man came to them, and asked their names.

"I am Success," said Success, advancing

a step forward and smiling at him, and pointing to her laurel wreath.

He shook his head.

"Ah!" he said: "do not be too confident. Very often things go by opposites in this land. What you call Success we often call Failure: what you call Failure we call Success. Do you see those two men waiting there? The one nearer to us was thought to be a good man in your world: the other was generally accounted bad. But here we call the bad man good, and the good man bad. That seems strange to you. Well, then look yonder. You considered that statesman to be sincere; but we say he was insincere. We chose as our poet-laureate a man at whom your world scoffed. Ay, and those flowers yonder,—for us they have a fragrant charm,—we love to see them near us. But you do not even take the trouble to pluck them from the hedges where they grow in rich profusion. So, you see, what we value as a treasure you do not value at all."

Then he turned to Failure.

"And your name?" he asked kindly, though indeed he must have known it.

"I am Failure," she said sadly.

He took her by the hand.

"Come now, Success," he said to her: "let me lead you into the Presence Chamber."

Then she who had been called Failure, and was now called Success, lifted up her bowed head and raised her weary frame, and smiled at the music of her new name. And with that smile she regained her beauty and her hope. And, hope having come back to her, all her strength returned.

"But what of her?" she asked regretfully of the old gray-haired man: "must she be left?"

"She will learn," the old man whispered. "She is learning already. Come now, we must not linger."

So she of the new name passed into the Presence Chamber.

But the Sovereign said:—

"The world needs you, dear and honored worker: you know your real name. Do not heed what the world may call you. Go back and work; but take with you this time unconquerable hope."

So she went back and worked, taking with her unconquerable hope, and the sweet remembrance of the Sovereign's words, and the gracious music of her Real Name.

G. S.

And love shall teach us, while on him we lean,
That, in the certainty of coming bliss,
We may be yearning for a world unseen,
Yet wear our beautiful array in this.

—*Anna L. Waring.*

DR. MARTINEAU UPON THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

In view of questions which are likely to come up for discussion and action at Saratoga, the following paragraph from Martineau (his essay upon "The New Affinities of Faith") will be read with interest:—

"We often hear it said that, where there is agreement about things, it is idle to waste discussion upon names; and it has been pronounced a matter of indifference whether liberal-minded church reformers organize themselves in 'Free Religious Union' or in 'Free Christian Union.' The remark has neither reason nor experience on its side. In the world of physical objects, it is true, things dominate over names, and can take care of themselves, while their vocabulary shifts. But in the world of ideas, in philosophy, in morals, in religion, words dominate over things, and in their significance are even identical with things, and are as much the living organism of thought as the wing and throat of the bird are the conditions of action for its especial nature. . . . The word 'Christian' is the casket which holds for human thought the supreme treasures of the inner life of man, and the most precious gems of his external civilization; and, when all has been emptied out from it which false zeal and mistaken piety have stored there for safe keeping, there yet remains, in the catholic genius of the religion, the richest historic deposit with which Providence has blessed the world. To part with that word, and throw ourselves upon philosophy to weave us a substitute, would be to interrupt the Past in its creation of the Future, and not only to migrate to unreclaimed countries, but to sink the old native land, that we might do so. Part as we may with what once was demanded by the Church, there is something—and that, too, the very holiest influence in life—that is still with us; and this residuary truth, this divine spirit, which emerges from the mixed inheritance of Christendom when all that is perishable has been discharged, does but own its descent, and look up with fitting reverence to its fountain-head, when it claims the name of Christian."

That life is long which answers life's great end.—*Young.*

*REV. M. J. SAVAGE ON THE ATLANTIC.**

I write this letter on board the steamship "Cephalonia," as we are nearing Queenstown. It is the 8th of July. A few hours more, and we shall be in England.

I wonder as to what may have been the origin of the sailor's superstition that declares it unlucky to have a minister on shipboard. In the old theology the devil was the "Prince of the Powers of the Air," the "God of this world." He sent lightning and tempests; he sent down ships at sea. Perhaps he looked on the minister as his special enemy, and, getting him on so unstable an element as the sea, was expected to make matters as uncomfortable for him as possible. In any case, his enmity has availed him little on this trip. Here we are approaching Queenstown with six ministers on board, and a goblet full of water might have stood on the saloon table all the way and not a drop been wasted.

And yet a few of the passengers have so little appreciated their mercies that they have been seasick, just as though there had been some excuse for their conduct. I think it was Gen. Grant who said that the *waving* of a table-cloth, as it was being spread for dinner on ship-board, was enough to upset him. I have a clerical friend who says that his wife is made sick by reading a steamboat advertisement in a newspaper. So little regard have some people for the kind of conduct that befits their conditions.

As for me, the ocean has been only too placid. I would not have the "mighty deep" behave like the pond on the Common. I love the kind of weather that lets one stay on deck; but I also love the swing, the sweep, the roll of the waves, and to share with the ship the grand sense of mastery which, like "Britannia," "rules the wave."

We left the wharf at East Boston at 6.40 A.M. on the 30th of June; but to stay in the fog within half a mile of the wharf all day long, as we did, was not specially exhilarating. Yet, as now and then we caught glimpses of the town, it required only a little imagination to fancy it was Venice, or the city of our dreams, so strange a wonder-worker may a little fog become. I have seen it produce the most marvellous transformations,—for example, in theology. But—I had better keep out of these uncertain seas.

Though we have not had fog enough to give us serious trouble, yet the sky has been overcast all the way. Not until Thursday did the captain "get the sun." But so sure a science has navigation become that the ship was less than a mile off its latitude. It is indeed most wonderful that over the wide waste, in spite of winds and sea-currents, and with neither sun nor star for guide, the ship should so certainly pick her way.

This reminds me of a neat compliment which one of the sailors paid to Captain Seccombe, the commander of the "Cephalonia." It was on one of her voyages from Boston not long ago. Queenstown was reached in a fog. The steamship drew up to her position cautiously and slowly, and stopped. As the fog lifted a little, and the ship was found to be just where she ought to have been, a sailor on the lookout was overheard by a lady, talking or half chanting to himself. In a sing-song, rhythmic measure he was saying,—

> "Fog, fog, fog, fog,
> But papa's on the bridge,
> He knows, he knows,
> He's got brains, he's got brains."

Of course, *papa* was the captain. The sailor, it seems, was a believer in "*Papal* infallibility." And, in his case, it was not the faith which is indistinguishable from credulity, but a deduction of experience.

Oh, what a luxury is this being at sea!

> "No lover loves his mistress
> As I do love the sea."

Monotony? Infinite variety, rather. In any mood, or storm or calm, I love the ocean with a great passion. It rests me to be in the presence of an eternal movement and power that is never tired. The poor, pinched old lady, on first seeing the ocean, said she was "glad at last to see *something* which there was *enough of*." So I, when overworn, am glad to see something that is never weary. I thrill to Lowell's lines,—

> "And to our age's stagnant blood
> Still shouts th' inspiring sea."

* From the Boston *Commonwealth*.

Then I do love to read stories, just for the sake of reading. Even if my conscience would let me, my time will not, while the work of the year goes on. But here I am out of the world. The responsibility of life I drop for a while. That long-neglected "call" does not haunt me. The committee meeting, to consider the fact that the overcoats of the Fejee Islanders are destitute of red horn buttons, is far away. I am on a floating island, where mortal problems are in abeyance. So I get me a story, and let the writer's magic take me on a mental vacation, to some country "east of the sun and west of the moon." I want no "realism" now. Indeed, I fear I have little use for realism, anyway. Let the limber mouths and the little brains chatter on hotel piazzas or at afternoon teas. I would not willingly listen to them in the flesh. Why, then, should I read a report of their decadent insipidity in a novel? No, let me live over the adventures of "A Gentleman of France," in the time of Henry III. and the King of Navarre. I bless the man who will write me a book like that. And I am boy enough to want it to "end out right," as one of my own children used to say. I get all the tragedy I wish in my pastoral experience. I do not care to be miserable for the fun of it.

But I am not saying much about the voyage. To me it has been drifting in pleasant company, through fairyland.

I must be patriotic enough to refer to our celebration of the "glorious Fourth." It was satisfactory enough to make me rejoice that I was out of the reach of racket and crackers. "Old Glory" floated on the mainmast, and looked lovingly down on the Union Jack. Games on deck furnished activity for the young men and amusement for all during the day. In the evening the saloon was decorated, and fitting observances were held. An executive committee had arranged a pleasant programme. I cannot go over it all. Professor Faelten of Boston delighted us on the piano. Mrs. Fenderson gave us great pleasure with her singing. Rev. L. B. Macdonald made a fitting address. Professor Cumnock of the Northwestern University gave us some very fine recitations. Mr. Savage read some verses, made to order of the committee. The whole issued happily in the sum of fifty-two dollars and sixty-two cents for the benefit of the Sailors' Hospital at East Boston. So, with satisfaction all round, we felt that once more "the country was safe."

I enclose my verses, not expecting you to publish more than a verse or two. I fear it was more preaching than poetry; but I feel intensely on the subject which was the burden of its close. If only the English-speaking peoples could stop quarrelling about little things, and organize in one great league for the sake of great things, we might do almost incalculable good in helping on the civilization of the world. We could control the destiny of the planet, and arbitrate all questions of war or peace. When we get done fighting each other over contemptible questions of tariff, when we can waive petty jealousies, perhaps we can find time to do a half of what we might do for the civilization of mankind.

America and England! Shame on him
Who would dissever that which God united!
Joined in one league, the English-speaking race
May light man's eyes, by ignorance made dim,
Make fair the earth which tyranny has blighted,
And gladden with sweet peace her blood-stained face!

America and England! Let us two
But clasp our hands in amity, and say it,
And our combined command shall rule the earth!
What blessed things for men we thus might do!
One word, once spoken, none dare disobey it;
And so God's kingdom we might bring to birth.

This day then? It is England's and mankind's,
And it is ours with no selfish seeming.
So let us lift our purpose and our plan,
And send them riding forth on all the winds,
Till every nation, in its sluggish dreaming,
Rouse to the hope and meaning of a man!

M. J. Savage.

A pearl becomes red by nearness of a rose, but never a rose white by contact with a pearl. 'Tis not the lower, but the more noble that readily recognize and take home for profit the high qualities of others.—*Hindu* (*Sanskritapathop*).

A LETTER FROM MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

Yesterday was the last day at Bedford Chapel, which is now closed till late autumn; and the evening service, always a touching one on these occasions, was more than usually heart-moving, not only because of the tender pathos of the theme,—"the greatest of these is love," "love never faileth,"—but also because of the unusual circumstances of the preacher's holiday. For Rev. S. A. Brooke* has consented to give the Lowell Lectures, and pay his first visit to the United States; and the most affectionate members of his congregation feel that he is going further and for a longer time from them than ever before. London congregations are not, as a rule, given to making manifest their feelings, especially those that belong to the higher cult; but there was a good deal of quiet emotion both at the close of the beautiful sermon and outside the chapel doors after the service last night over the departure of the beloved preacher. Yet there was joy mingled with some of the tears; for one or two of those whose eyes were overflowing have been in Boston and many other notable places in the land of the stars and stripes, and we know what a warm welcome awaits him whom we love so well, and who has so many lovers on the other side of the Atlantic. We know what delight he will have in lecturing to those whose intelligence is so keen and so appreciative, what outpouring of kindness there will be, what hand-clasps of noble people, and of the tender care that will be taken of him by his only son, Stopford Wentworth Brooke, and the sweet, new daughter-in-law, and, if he will yield to it, by many who have everything in beautiful American home life to show him.

He will see and drink in all the beauty of the Hudson, the splendors of Niagara, and, I trust, the undreamed of loveliness of the White Mountains. He will give and receive inspiration in a land whose art and music are yet in early youth, and whose poetry is gathering her powers together for an outburst of song that shall make all the world listen.

It is not difficult to picture the rapt attention and eager following that will be given to one of England's best authorities on her literature, as he unfolds to those who know Tennyson and Browning almost by heart his wonderfully fine and delicate analyses of the great poets. Many who have only known of him at a distance through his charming "Primer of English Literature" or his "History of Early English" or maybe his recent exquisite book on Tennyson will be listening face to face with one of whom no adequate description can be given by pen.

Himself a poet of no mean order,—and to read his "Riquet of the Tuft" and "Poems" is a revelation of the man that is not to be found in his prose writings,—Mr. Brooke has done more to bring the poems of the great masters into the common life of everyday in England than any other master of literature; and the beautiful collection of choice hymns used at Bedford Chapel and edited by himself, some forty of which are of his own writing, is a treasure for which all hymn-loving people, living and unborn, ought to be grateful to him.

But, after all, it is not so much to the master of literature, the poet, and lecturer that the world owes an inestimable debt of gratitude as to the great teacher of rational theology, the eloquent preacher of the Christian religion freed from the encumbrances that centuries of erroneous dogma had piled upon its simple beauty. Mr. Brooke's has indeed been a fight of faith; and his fearlessness and clear-headed statement of the truths that free, practical, and loving men and women can accept, while they must have interfered over and over again with his material gain in this world, have won him a place among those "Immortals" who recognize that art and religion can no more be separated than truth and beauty, than goodness and love. Religious freedom from all authority except that of a sincere heart, intellect, and conscience; belief in Jesus Christ not as the divine become human, but the human become divine; trust in the everlasting kindness of our Father, God, to overcome his children's sins and mistakes by his own perfect wisdom, with Eternal Success for his watchword,—these are rough headings of that long catalogue of victories of faith won by

---

*Stopford Augustus Brooke, M.A., LL.D.

one of the most eloquent, physically splendid, kindest-hearted, and best of our renowned London preachers.

It is no wonder then, as we bade him farewell, and prayed the dear Lord of all tender human love and friendship to guard him from sorrow and danger in his travels, give him great success, and bring him safely back in health and happiness to us, that our voices failed and our eyes grew dim.

I wish he were going further West than Niagara,—to Ann Arbor, for instance, with its splendid university life, where people know so well how to listen appreciatively, and where he would receive a royal welcome; but it is his first visit, and he has been somewhat overworked of late, and must not spoil the good this visit to the States will do him by travelling and giving out too much. He will be more likely to come again if he does too little rather than too much.

But how I should like to be going over, too, to join in all the pleasure and uplift!

Every day since the 4th of May, when we landed in New York last year, has been an anniversary day, to my daughter Emmeline and myself this year, of the never-to-be-forgotten seven months in the States in 1893; and our hearts yearn many a time with unspeakable yearning for the beloved scenes and friends whose memory stars the recollection of them with increasing brightness.

Yesterday, it being our last communion Sunday with Mr. Brooke to officiate till his return from America, two young girls, whose parents have long been members of the congregation, took their stand on the side of liberal religion, and knelt for the first time at holy communion, one of them being the daughter of the writer of this article, for whom her mother wrote the enclosed verses. Emmeline Ormiston Chant learned a great deal that was of everlasting value during her visit to the States last year; and among these was that, the sooner we make up our minds to tread the path of service in the spirit and company of Jesus Christ, the greater will be our enthusiasm and joy in service, but it was the thought of Mr. Brooke's long absence that brought her to the point of declaring her resolve to follow the Master by partaking of his memorial supper yesterday. She is not yet sixteen, but it is sweet to know that the home religion has been so certain in its influence on character; and blessed beyond words is it to see the young joining the church of Christ because they have learned to love it, and desire its fellowship.

L. Ormiston Chant.

London, August 6.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Sunday.

The Voice of the Heart.

We speak with the lip and we dream in the soul
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days the meanwhile to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "The Better" is ever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in,—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why, the grave has scope
And over the coffin man planteth—Hope.

And it is not a dream of fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter:
There's a voice at the heart which proclaims aloud,
"We are born for something better!"
And that voice of the heart, oh, ye may believe,
Will never the hope of the soul deceive!

—*Schiller.*

Monday.

He Leads me on.

He leads us on
By paths we do not know.
Upward He leads, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day.
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Through the unquiet years:
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze

Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And he, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us peace at last.

TUESDAY.

Just to be Good.

Just to be good,
This is enough,—enough!
O we who find sin's billows wild and rough,
Do we not feel how more than any gold
Would be the blameless life we led of old
While yet our lips knew but a mother's kiss?
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough.

It is enough—
Enough—just to be good!
To lift our hearts where they are understood;
To let the thirst for worldly power and place
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mother used to kiss.
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

WEDNESDAY.

Unchanging.

Unto Thee, abiding ever,
Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavor,
Holy thought and deed!

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even,—
Law and Love thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about thee,
Just and sure thy throne,—
Not a sparrow falls without thee,
All to thee is known.

Origin and end of being,
All things in and through,—
Light thou art of all my seeing,
Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
Thou my trust shalt be:
Whom have I on earth beside thee,
Whom in heaven but thee?

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

THURSDAY.

Our Work.

We are not here for holidays: our lives are not for dreaming,
While toiling hands and busy hands are laboring all around.
Men are stirring, wheels are whirring, fires gleaming, vessels steaming,
There is work on land and ocean and in regions underground;
And full often, as I ponder o'er some lofty pile upspringing,
On triumphant deeds accomplished, on some mighty victory won,
I find that in my ears a chime of thought has been set ringing,—
"All great works are made up of little works well done."

FRIDAY.

In the Dark.

O Thou who art my only Light,
Thee do I follow through the night;
Though home and hope are out of sight,
Firm trust in thee my spirit hath;
Thou knowest my path.

Although I cannot see thy face,
I feel the warmth of thy embrace
Enfold me in the dangerous place
Where sin lies waiting to betray;
Thou knowest my way.

O Thou that seest me through and through,—
The thoughts I think, the deeds I do,—
Thou knowest I would to thee be true!
Oh, draw me closer to thy side,
My Lord, my Guide.

I know not what may yet unfold
Beyond the morning's gates of gold:
This is my heaven,—thy hand to hold,
Thy steps to follow through the night,
My Life, my Light.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

SATURDAY,

Lowly Service.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know:
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

I ask thee for the daily strength
  To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life
  While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
  If thou be glorified.

—*Anna L. Waring.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Naturally, the subject at present uppermost in the minds of all good Unitarians is the coming great meeting from the 24th to the 27th of this month at Saratoga, a nearly full programme of which we print on another page. It is now three years since our National Unitarian Conference met, the regular meeting of last year having been postponed on account of the Congress in Chicago. We trust that the year's delay will prove to have only deepened the interest in the gathering that is now at hand. To those who have been accustomed to attend these Saratoga conferences no word need be said as to their delightful and inspiring character to all present, and their great value to the denomination as a unifying influence and a stimulus to greater missionary activity. No church, however distant, should leave itself unrepresented, if it can possibly avoid so doing. Let us all do what we can to make the coming meeting the largest and best in our history.

The programme of the Conference could hardly be more inviting, whether as regards subjects to be considered or men and women selected to present them. We are particularly fortunate in the prospect of having two of our most eminent English Unitarians with us, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, the distinguished London preacher and writer, and Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford.

The opening service of the Conference on Monday evening will be preached by Prof. F. G. Peabody of Cambridge, Mass., and the closing sermon, on Thursday evening, by Mr. Brooke.

Tuesday forenoon will be devoted to reports of work done, beginning with the report of Dr. E. E. Hale as the chairman of the council of the Conference, and ending with that of Rev. W. I. Lawrance on the Japan Mission. Wednesday and Thursday forenoons will be given to papers and discussions, the principal papers being by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer and Mr. Francis C. Lowell on "Regeneration," Prof. Carpenter on "What the Higher Criticism has done to restore to us the Real Historical Jesus," Rev. Joseph H. Crooker on "A Working Theory of Ethics," Hon. W. D. Robinson and another gentleman whose name is not yet announced on "The Mutual Relations of the Catholic and Protestant Churches."

Tuesday and Wednesday evenings will be filled by platform meetings, with short addresses by ten or a dozen of our ablest men.

The afternoons will be reserved for special meetings. On Tuesday afternoon the "Work of Unitarian Women" will be presented, with addresses or reports from Rev. Miss Hultin, Mrs. Sunderland, Rev. Miss Murdock, Mrs. Ames, Miss Ovington, Mrs. Andrews, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. On Wednesday afternoon the question of revising the constitution of the Conference will be considered. On Thursday afternoon the Unitarian Temperance Society will have a meeting, and the General Conference will hold its closing business session.

A matter of business which will be likely to attract considerable attention is the proposed revision of the constitution of the Conference. The subject will be opened, of course, by the report of the committee appointed three years ago. This report has been before our churches for some months. We printed it in full in the May *Unitarian*, and commented upon it in our issues of July and August, pointing out what seem to us serious objections to its adoption. Several other forms of revision have been prepared in other quarters, perhaps the most important being that presented at the Channing Hall meeting, Boston, in May, which we have given to our readers. Most of these have in view the preparation of a constitution that shall be (1) simpler and more homogeneous than the old, (2) that shall be broad, inclusive, and forward-looking, and (3) that shall present to the Conference, undisturbed, its Christian character and heritage by retaining for it the Christian name, and, what is even more important, a distinct statement of Christian purpose. The Christian character of the Conference is a matter so vital that under no

circumstances should anything be allowed to be done to compromise it or put it in question. Better defer the revision of the constitution for twenty or fifty years than open our doors to the misunderstandings, the strife, the disintegration, and the wide and lasting paralysis of our work that would be sure to follow a mistaken step here. But we are glad to say we do not apprehend there is any serious danger of such a step. Our Christian heritage is too precious and too much prized among us to be lightly surrendered or put in peril. Among the three or four forms of revision proposed which are free from any serious objection, and which embody the main points generally desired, there ought not to be much difficulty in agreeing upon one without much delay upon which a large majority could unite, and thus allow the Conference to go forward early to plans for *active work*, and spend its main time and energy upon these. The high mission to which the Unitarian body has been called of God never appeared so clear or so commanding as to-day. It is for the coming Conference at Saratoga to see to it that nothing be done to produce divisions, and everything possible to quicken the zeal of our churches and to deepen their consecration.

The fact that Unitarianism is a pioneer movement, and generally unpopular, has accustomed us to expect relatively small gatherings when we come together in our conferences, especially outside of New England. We hardly know ourselves, therefore, when we meet at our great Saratoga gatherings, and find ourselves packing the most spacious auditoriums and filling the largest hotels. But it is very delightful to feel once in a while that there are a good many of us. It gives us new courage and strength to bear our loneliness and to do our work when we get back home. Numbers do not make truth any more true, but they do have great power to kindle warmth in human hearts. Secretary Reynolds says we must have a round hundred thousand dollars to enable us to carry on the missionary enterprises that urgently press upon us for next year. It is to be hoped that Saratoga will devise the plans and generate the zeal that will secure us this sum, which it is so entirely within our power to raise if we will.

We called attention last month to the approaching centennial of the birth of William Cullen Bryant on November 3. The friends of the great poet have taken time by the forelock, and already held a centennial celebration at Cummington, Mass., his birthplace. The time chosen was August 16, to avoid the inclemency of November weather. The celebration was participated in by a considerable number of distinguished persons, most of them persons intimately associated with Mr. Bryant during his life. The exercises were held in a beautiful grove and apple orchard on the old Bryant homestead. An address of welcome was given by Mr. L. H. Tower of Cummington, the librarian of the Bryant Library, established by the poet. The president of the day was Mr. Parke Godwin, the son-in-law of Bryant, long associated with him in the editorial management of the New York *Post*. Addresses were made by Edwin R. Brown of Elmwood, Ill., a native of Cummington, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, Charles Dudley Warner, President Stanley Hall of Clark University, Worcester, Rev. J. W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist, and others. Mr. John Bryant of Princeton, Ill., a brother of William Cullen, was present, and read two poems written by himself for the day. The occasion was a most interesting and notable one. We are only sorry not to be able to report it more fully.

It is with peculiar pain that we record the sudden death, since our last issue, of Rev. Henry C. Badger, one of the best known and most brilliant members of our ministerial fellowship. Our August number contained an article from him upon "True Prayer," which was probably the last word he wrote for the public. We believe his first settlement was over a Christian church in New Bedford, Mass. After that he was a professor in Antioch College, Ohio, and later pastor of Unitarian churches in Ithaca, N.Y., Cambridgeport, Mass., and Boston. For the past few years he had been connected with the library of Harvard University. His last consecutive ministerial work was done in New Haven, Conn., where two years ago he took steps toward the establishment of a Unitarian church. His health had long been greatly impaired; but he always bore

up courageously, and continued to the end to do much labor. He had passed through much sorrow, but had come out like gold tried in the fire. Perhaps no purer or loftier spirit was ever among us; and certainly we have had few men of greater intellectual power and brilliancy than he exhibited in the years of his strength. In his theology he was one of the most daring of our radicals, while at the same time he was one of the most conservative of our conservatives. There was never a man more absolutely honest and fearless in speaking his own full thought, or more broad-minded and generous toward those who differed from him. His whole heart was in the work of deepening the spiritual life of our churches. He will be greatly missed at our conferences and other religious gatherings in Boston and vicinity, where he often spoke, and always with a fervor and depth of spiritual insight that commanded the attention of all listeners. The knowledge of his death will bring tears to the eyes of many who have known and loved him, as they think of his sufferings, his heroism, and his noble nature. His simple funeral service of Scripture and prayer, so in harmony with the character of the man, was held in the Harrison Square Church, Boston, where he was once pastor. Rev. Caleb D. Bradlee and Rev. William B. Lord officiated.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The time has arrived for the reopening of those Sunday-schools which have been closed during the summer. I am well aware how formidable it seems to start the machinery again, to reawake the interest and marshal the forces anew. But there are many difficult things in this world. The laborer in this field should think of what is at stake, and how worthy it is of severe effort. In a few weeks everything will be moving along at full tide, and the value of the cessation from continuous duty will make itself manifest.

The helpful teacher embodies three traits: a genuine affection for his or her pupils; an open-minded, vigorous way of conducting the class instruction; and a patient, trustful attitude, hoping much and believing much.

The faithful superintendent is one who consults with the teachers, co-operates with the minister, and rules with gentle firmness. He seeks to make the sessions examples of promptness, cheerfulness, and a devotional spirit.

The co-operating parent always speaks respectfully of the Sunday-school, aids the child in the preparation of the lessons, visits the Sunday-school, contributes liberally to its support, and sees that the children attend punctually and regularly.

The model minister in his relations to the Sunday-school is ever anxious to maintain its prosperity in every way. He knows the children by name, and consults with the parents as to their peculiarities, holds teachers' meetings, and speaks often from the pulpit concerning the needs of the young people. He also sees that a contribution is sent every year to the Unitarian Sunday School Society. In season and out, he realizes that, unless the young people are cared for, the church will not prosper.

The praiseworthy pupil is intelligently obedient, glad to attend every Sunday, fond of his teacher, full of questions, a lover of the school songs, and a firm believer in his minister and superintendent. It is his intention as he grows older to do all he can in the church.

Every Other Sunday begins its tenth volume with the issue of September 9. This little paper is making steady way into the homes and Sunday-schools of our faith. There are new features for the coming volume. A series of articles on "Famous Portraits of Children," illustrated by Miss Evelyn S. Foster, will run through the numbers of the coming year. There is also the beginning in this first number of a continued story by Miss Kate L. Brown, entitled "The Happy Valley." The usual variety of departments, stories, and sketches will be maintained. Do our Unitarian households understand how cheaply all this is provided? The price to those outside of Boston is forty cents a year. Every Sunday-school ought to be supplied with this paper.

The leaflet lessons in the graded system, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, for the second year will be upon the life of Jesus. These are in three grades,—Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced,—prepared respectively by Mrs. Julian C. Jaynes, Rev. Edward A. Horton, and Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. The Primary picture leaflets are now ready, being the same that were issued about two years ago. The Intermediate and Advanced are entirely new material. The first two lessons, intended for September 23 and 30, are now ready. Some schools begin in September, and some in October. In order to strike

a medium, the publication is commenced in this way. There are no dates on the lessons, so that they can be used at any time.

Another manual by Rev. Charles F. Dole, fourth in the series of "Questions for Bible Study," will be ready September 25. The contents of this new manual consists of biographies of the men and women of the Bible best worth remembering.

Now ready in pamphlet form, "Early Old Testament Narratives," thirty-six lessons for advanced classes, by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. These are last year's lessons on the Old Testament issued in leaflets, now bound as a manual.

Also ready, "Early Old Testament Narratives," thirty-six lessons for intermediate classes, by Rev. William H. Lyon. These are the lessons prepared in last year's graded course and issued weekly, now bound as a manual.

"Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles," by Rev. W. W. Fenn, published in leaflet form, forty lessons, last year, is now ready in one volume, cloth.

No Harvest Service will be issued this year, but there is a large supply of excellent ones heretofore found acceptable by the Sunday-schools. Orders can be filled to any extent for the Harvest Services of 1887, 1890, 1892, and 1893.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held at Newport, R.I., Wednesday evening and Thursday, October 24 and 25, with the Channing Memorial Church, Rev. George W. Cutter, pastor. The full programme will be announced later.

The financial year of the Unitarian Sunday School Society ends October 1. Many of our Sunday-schools and churches have not yet sent in a donation. The awakened interest in the moral and religious education of the young naturally calls for wider work and greater expense in the Sunday School Society department. There is only one month in which to remember this cause with a contribution, and a hearty response is hoped for by the officers and directors of the society. EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

The meeting which was held at Weirs, N.H., under the auspices of the Grove Association and in co-operation with the meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, was accounted a successful and helpful occasion. Rev. E. A. Horton presided at the guild meeting held on the morning of August 2, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley doing a similar service for the Sunday-school session in the afternoon. After Mr. Horton's address Rev. D. M. Wilson spoke of the helpful service of the guilds to churches in his missionary field. Rev. Albert Walkley followed with an address on the work of guilds; and the president of the Alliance closed the speaking with the topic "How to start Guilds and their Possibilities." Much interest was indicated, and some consulted the last speaker in regard to forming guilds in their parishes.

Information comes of the establishment of a large society at Dighton, Mass., which bids fair to be of great help in the church. There are fifty members. The members conduct their own services in the evening. Rev. Mary L. Leggett helped organize this society. Programmes are arranged for three months ahead.

We learn of the good work of the guild at Millbury, Mass. The meetings which the young people conduct take the place of Sunday evening church services.

There are likely to be added to our list several new guilds in the autumn. All should report to the new recording secretary, Miss Anna C. Kingsbury, Needham, Mass., sending the names of minister and two delegates to make the societies members of the Alliance.

B. R. BULKELEY.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Attention is again called to the meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society which will be held at Saratoga on September 27 in connection with the National Conference.

It is hoped that our friends will attend in full force, and that many new names may be added to the society's membership. There is no condition of membership except the payment of one dollar annually into the treasury.

If there should pass before our eyes a procession of those whom each one of us has known as having suffered, somehow, from the drinking habit, and if, as they passed, we should recall the bright hopes and the reasonable expectations which at some time each of these cherished, to say nothing of the love-born hopes with which each mother's heart once swelled, back in the childhood days,—if, I say, our eyes could follow, as in a vision, and our thoughts dwell on each as the long procession passed, what need of temperance books or talk? In such a presence, what man could dare to tempt a brother, or what woman take the risk of pressing, for politeness' sake and with the careless banter of the ball-room, the wine-cup to a sister's or a brother's lips?

We found him sleeping by the roadside. It was not the sleep of innocence, honest labor's rich reward, but the dull, heavy sleep of intoxication. We called him by name. We took him by the hand. He staggered to his feet, and we led him home.

He was a college graduate, a gentleman; but to the world he was a "tramp." He had lost self-control, the purity of manhood, self-respect. His mother, many hundreds of miles away, knew not where or what he was. He was far down the hill, almost lost, a wanderer in despair. Education, gentlemanly instincts, the love of relatives and friends, had all surrendered to the temptation of drink.

A few days' rest, a respectable suit of clothes, new friends to say, "Be of good courage," work to do, and he was a new man, not only in appearance, but also in spirit. Once again the world lay at his feet, the world of opportunity and usefulness. If he can only be strong! If he will fight the demon "drink," he can yet win, for higher, nobler life, the victory! God help him so to do!

The Unitarian church of Rochester, N.Y. (Rev. W. C. Gannett), has issued a programme of subjects for its Social Topics Class. One of these is "The Drink Problem, and its Three Government Solutions," which, in the outline given, are named as Prohibition, High License, and the Norwegian System.

Here is a hint for other Social Topics Classes, Unity Clubs, or Guilds. In making up your programmes for next winter's work, do not forget that the temperance problems either cause or greatly aggravate the chief evils from which society suffers to-day.

The most interesting and important event in the temperance world of late has been the action of Mgr. Satolli in indorsing the position taken by Bishop Watterson of Ohio in relation to saloon-keepers and Catholic societies. The following extract from the bishop's letter explains his position:—

"I hereby withdraw my approbation from any and every Catholic society or branch or division thereof in this diocese that has a liquor-dealer or saloon-keeper at its head or anywhere among its officers, and I suspend every such society itself from its rank and privileges as a Catholic society until it ceases to be so officered. I again publish the condition without which for some years past I have declined to approve of new societies or new branches of old organizations in this diocese, namely,—

"'*That no one who is engaged either as principal or agent in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors can be admitted to membership.*'

"You will make this rule known to the organizations in your parish, and have it faithfully observed. It is sure, however, to commend itself to every right-spirited and healthy association of Catholic gentlemen.

"If there are saloon-keepers in your parish who call themselves Catholics, and yet carry on their business in a forbidden and disedifying way, or sell on Sundays either openly or under any sort of guise or disguise, in violation of the civil law, and to the hurt of order and religion and the scandal of any part of the community, you will refuse them absolution, should they perchance come to receive the sacraments, unless they promise to cease offending in these or other ways, and to conduct their business blamelessly if they can, or get out of it and keep out of it altogether."

This letter was sent to the clergy of Bishop Watterson's diocese last spring. It caused considerable excitement, and the matter was referred to the papal legate for his decision. Mgr. Satolli not only sustained the bishop's action, but added: "The liquor traffic, especially as conducted here in the United States, is the source of much evil: hence the bishop was acting within his rights in seeking to restrict it."

This action of the bishop and its confirmation by the papal legate have been hailed with satisfaction, not only by the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, but by Protestants generally. The journals of the liquor trade express doubt as to its being followed by other bishops. They point out the great pecuniary loss likely to result if the Church takes up this attitude. One paper says that it will be a "battle of giants." It is regarded as a serious matter for "the trade." The religious press and temperance papers are rejoicing. The *Outlook* regards it as the most important and promising step in the direction of restricting the liquor traffic that has been taken for many years. The *Irish World* rejoices. The *Union Signal* greets it as "the best news for many a day," and Archbishop Corrigan has answered the challenge of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette* by saying: "I loyally accept the principles laid down by his Excellency, Mgr. Satolli. As to the fear of consequences, I have yet, thank God, to learn what fear is in the discharge of my duty."

Pope Leo XIII. to Bishop Ireland:—

"We esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it be doubted that this determination is the proper and truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be

induced to put this bridle upon the appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But the greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so the many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State may, by their strenuous exertions, be averted."

We urge Catholics everywhere to get out and keep out of the saloon business.—*Congress of Catholic Laity, Chicago. Sept.* 1, 1893.

The way of total abstinence has never injured any one; but, on the contrary, it is the way of health and happiness. It means for the children better health, purer blood, greater strength, more prosperity, brighter prospects in life. It means an extinction of all the woes that follow in the wake of drunkenness. It means an increase of the blessings of sobriety. It is the ounce of prevention that is worth all the cure in the world. If the generation of boys and girls now growing up were to become and remain total abstainers, in twenty-five years the curse of drunkenness would be completely swept away.—*Temperance Truth* (Catholic).

The consecration of Cardinal Manning's life to total abstinence came, it is said, from a brief conversation with a London dock-laborer. "Take the total abstinence pledge," said the prelate in paternal counselling to the laborer, "you need it." "Have you taken it yourself, father?" replied, with filial liberty, the laborer. "Why do you not, too, need it?" Quickly Manning said, "I do need it, and I take it." "Then I also take it," said the laborer. Explaining later his words, the cardinal said, "I needed the pledge, strong as I might have thought myself against temptation, in order to speak convincing words to the poor and weak."—*Archbishop Ireland.*"

The saloon is a good place for Christians to shun, and the liquor trade is a good one for Christians to get out of. Let who may take their places, *they* ought to leave it. Whether they mean it or not, they are doing incalculable mischief to others, they are loading their own souls with an awful weight of responsibility, and, though many of them would rather die than do it willingly, they are bringing dishonor on religion and on the Church of Christ.—*Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C.*

Dr. Jardy says that physiology has now shown the mistake made by Liebig, in 1858, when that great chemist placed alcohol among those aliments which keep up the warmth of the body. At present in Switzerland it appears that the professors of physiology—Gaule in Zürich, Hertzen in Lausanne, Buage in Bâle, and Schiff in Geneva—are total abstainers from alcohol. *Dr. Drysdale, Senior Physician in the Metropolitan Hospital of London.*

"If it is foolish and wrong to denounce all use of fermented liquors as a sin, it is no less foolish and wrong to speak of total abstinence from them as a Manichean condemnation of 'a good creature of God.' 'A good creature of God?' I have heard Sir Wilfrid Lawson say: 'of course it is! So is a tiger. But one does not want a tiger in one's bedroom.'"

"Apart from honorable economy, a man may wisely become a total abstainer if from hereditary or other causes he feels that alcohol might, under any circumstances, be to him a source of moral danger. With such examples as we have before us in history and literature, it is idle for any man to pretend to feel insulted by a suggestion of the possibility of his becoming a slave to drink. Neither education nor intellect necessarily places any man above the peril of excess. Who does not know the failing of Pitt, and of many statesmen who were his contemporaries, in what Sir George Trevelyan has described in his harrowing chapter as the 'Age of Gout'? Who does not know the deplorable degeneracy of Bonnie Prince Charlie? Who has not read of the infirmity of Addison? Who has not mourned over the pathetic outcry of remorse and wretchedness uttered by Burns, by Charles Lamb, by Hartley Coleridge? One of the most eminent clergymen and men of genius of this age says, in one of his published letters, 'I must be on my guard, for I find that *I am getting an ugly fondness for alcohol.*' What multitudes of men, ay, and of women,—men and women of high principles and religious instincts,—have yet been slowly swept into the vortex of excess under the influences of misfortune, of solitude, of depression, or of old age!"—*Archdeacon Farrar, in "Mistakes about Abstainers."*

LITERARY NOTES.

In answer to inquiries we would say that there are at least three biographies of William Cullen Bryant. The most complete is that prepared by Parke Godwin, and pub-

lished in two large volumes in 1883 by the Appletons. A briefer work is one issued by the Harpers in 1880, written by A. J. Symington, entitled "William Cullen Bryant: A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Poems and Other Writings." The latest is the excellent biography prepared by John Bigelow, and published in 1890 in the "American Men of Letters Series" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

An outline for the study of the poems of Bryant, prepared by W. C. Gannett, is published by the Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Price 10 cents.

It is to be hoped that many Unity Clubs and Guilds will be stimulated by the Bryant centennial to take up the study of Bryant's poetry. All such will find a valuable help in this outline of Mr. Gannett.

We are glad to call attention of organists and choir-leaders to a list of anthems and responses which are suitable for use in Unitarian or Universalist churches, which has been prepared by Frank J. Wills and Rev. Herbert Mott, and may be obtained at 10 cents each of Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

George H. Ellis, Boston, has just published a new volume of sermons by Rev. M. J. Savage. It is entitled "A Man." The headings of its twelve chapters are: From the Star Mist to a Man; Building a Man; Being One's Self; Finding One's Place; A Man in the Family; A Man in Business; A Man in Politics; A Man in Reforms; A Man Reading; A Man at Play; A Man in Church; A Man Ascending.

A new volume of sermons by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, entitled "God and Christ," will be published by Philip Green of London early in September.

The London *Inquirer* says that Stopford Brooke's new book on "Tennyson" is having a large sale in England.

Prof. Francis W. Newman, the Unitarian brother of Cardinal Newman, will soon publish a book entitled "Christianity before and after Paul of Tarsus."

Prof. Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man," an extended review of which we print this week, seems to be having a very large sale in England as well as in this country. The first English edition of ten thousand is exhausted, and a second edition is now on the market.

It is announced that Prof. John Fiske is to deliver a series of lectures in Oxford, England, this autumn.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Essex Hall lecture on "Unitarians and the Future," which our London correspondent gave an account of last month, reaches us in the form of a dainty little volume. Philip Green, publisher. Price one shilling.

Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, who represents Unitarian interests on the School Board of London, England, and who has fought so ably the attempt to introduce sectarian religious teaching into the London schools, has prepared and widely circulated a pamphlet called "Diggleism and Dogma," which gives a history of the controversy, and a strong plea for non-sectarian religious teaching. One of the leaders of the movement to sectarianize the London schools bears the name of Diggle, hence the pamphlet's title.

One of the most valuable organizations for scientifie ends that we have in this country is the American Social Science Association, which holds its general meeting in Saratoga, September 4–7, with an unusually attractive programme. In the department of Education there will be papers on "The Relation of Sociology to Other Scientific Studies," "A Scheme of Sociological Study," "The Present State of the Study in Germany," "Possibilities of Social Amelioration," "Practical Instruction in Cities," "English as a Universal Language," "The Higher Education in Greece," "Instruction in Methods of Administering Charity," and several other subjects by such men as Prof. Giddings of Columbia College, Blackman of Yale, McCook of Trinity, Wilson of Brown, Jenks of Cornell, and Warner of Leland Stanford. In the department of Health there will be papers and discussions on "Medicine as a Career for Women," "The Eradication of Communicable Disease," and "Heredity." In the department of Social Economy, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn will give an address, and there will be reports from American cities and States on the "Relief of the Unemployed in the Winter of 1893–94." In the department of Jurisprudence there will be papers on "Law and Justice," by J. Warren Greene of New York; "Mobs and Lynching," by George C. Holt of New York; "Legislational Form," by Alfred B. Thacher of New York; "Social Surgery," by Dr. H. L. Wayland of Philadelphia; and "The Elmira System," by Charles Dudley Warner of Hartford.

The opening address of the session will be given by President F. J. Kingsbury of Waterbury, Conn., on Monday evening, September 3,—subject, "The Reign of Law."

NOTE FROM PRESIDENT CARY.

Dear Mr. Sunderland,—Slight misunderstandings are generally best left to their own fate; but the inquiries of two or three

friends concerning the article in the July *Unitarian* on "The Origin of the Term 'Unitarian'" may represent such a degree of general interest in the matter as to make a word of comment desirable.

In my *Chautauquan* article, to which reference was made, it would have been out of place to enter into a discussion of the value of any historical testimony. I, therefore, simply made my statement concerning the origin and primitive meaning of the term "Unitarian," giving the historian Bod as my authority,—an authority the value of which any scholar is of course at perfect liberty to question. I did not write in ignorance of the fact that Bod's statement does not carry conviction to the mind of every one, nor did I depend upon him without first having given the matter some thoughtful consideration. Several years since, when Prof. Kovács was in this country, I opened the question to him, thinking that he might have some new light to throw upon the subject; but I only obtained his opinion, without any new evidence.

The result of all my consideration of the problem has been that I have not yet felt at liberty to reject the testimony of the historian. Under these circumstances, perhaps the statement that I had fallen into a "mistake" should rather have been that there was a difference of opinion as to the value of the historical testimony in question.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. L. CARY.

Readers of the August *Unitarian* will have noted that Dr. J. H. Allen now rejects the testimony of Bod as not to be relied on, as does Prof. Alexander Gordon of England.—EDITOR.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Mr. Ernest L. Staples, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

The next annual conference of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and Other Independent Churches will meet in Unity Church, Sioux City, Ia., October 9, 10, and 11. There will be reduced rates on all railways within a radius of two hundred miles. All ministers of the conference are earnestly requested to arrange for delegations from their respective churches.

LEON A. HARVEY, *Sec'y.*

Ames, Ia.—During the summer Rev. Leon A. Harvey of Des Moines has been continuing the services which he began here last May. The Odd Fellows' Hall, which was for a time denied the Unitarians, on the ground that they were "atheists," has been opened to them; and the congregations are very good, usually taxing the seating capacity of the hall. As the "Iowa Scientific and Agricultural College," with an attendance of some five hundred students, is located here, the importance of the movement is apparent. Several of the professors and many of the students are taking an active interest.

California.—The San Francisco Unitarian churches have remained open all summer. Dr. Stebbins has preached steadily at the First Church, but, when his helper, young Mr. Eliot, arrives, about September 1, may take a rest. At the Second Church Rev. N. A. Haskell of Denver, detained here by the serious illness of his wife, has preached for two months past, during Mr. Sprague's Eastern trip. Various brother and sister clergymen have also supplied his pulpit on Sunday evenings.——Rev. W. M. Jones, Universalist, formerly of Columbus, Ohio, has made a fine impression at San José, and will probably remain as their permanent pastor, and enter our denomination. ——Rev. G. Heber Rice is doing excellent work at Stockton, where the preaching of Theosophy and other outside issues had nearly wrecked a promising movement. At present the Stockton society is in vigorous condition.——Rev. Geo. A. Weaver, late of the California Methodist Episcopal Church, has begun a promising work at Santa Maria, where a society has been formed.——Rev. E. R. Dinsmore, a Congregational clergyman recently settled at Hayward, near Oakland, has been called as pastor of the Santa Barbara society. He is Boston born and bred, and a man of ability and character.——The First Church in Los Angeles is closed for a period of vacation; and the pastor, Rev. J. S. Thomson, has gone East.——The San Diego church is closed, and Rev. J. F. Dutton is spending his vacation in the mountains.——At San Bernardino Rev. H. Digby Johnston, late of Grand Rapids, Mich., will begin pastoral work on September 1; and Rev. A. J. Wells will confine his labors henceforth entirely to Redlands.——The Oakland church, as usual, has kept up services throughout the summer. Rev. Mrs. Wilkes, assistant pastor, has had congregations of between two and three hundred. Rev. S. M. Crothers, on his way to the Yosemite, gave them a sermon and a lecture, drawing crowded audi-

ences.——Rev. C. W. Wendte has just returned from a superintendent's trip in Oregon and Washington. During the five weeks of his vacation he has travelled three thousand two hundred and fifty miles, and spoken nineteen times. A new work has been opened at Eugene, Ore. On his return he addressed a citizens' mass meeting in the Oakland tabernacle, and made an earnest speech in behalf of law, order and respect for constituted authorities. The strikers and their sympathizers present tried to break up the meeting, but were unsuccessful, the great audience of four thousand persons being strong in their support of the speakers.——Rev. Dr. Stebbins recently preached a strong sermon on the labor troubles, which is to be printed. The superintendent has recently visited Stockton, and is to install Rev. Mr. Weaver at Santa Maria next week.——Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., is to be ordained to the ministry and installed as assistant pastor of the San Francisco First Church on September 9. His father, Rev. Dr. T. L. Eliot, and other clergymen, will participate in the services. ——Rev. Thomas J. Horner of Sacramento has gone East, and services are suspended during August.——The Berkeley church is on a vacation. Rev. Mr. Payne is lecturing, and organizing Altrurian Circles, preparatory to forming co-operative fruit-growing colonies in Sonoma County.

Erie, Pa.—The Universalist church here (Rev. Howard MacQueary, pastor) will celebrate its semi-centennial in September with a three days' Liberal Religious Congress,—the 11th, 12th, and 13th,—at which there are to be papers, addresses, and discussions by such well-known Universalists and Unitarians as Dr. E. L. Rexford of Boston; Dr. I. M. Atwood of Canton, N.Y.; Prof. Barber of Meadville; Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Rev. T. R. Slicer of Buffalo; Rev. F. A. Bisbee of Philadelphia; Prof. A. B. Curtis of Tufts College; Dr. Charles Fluhrer of Michigan; President Cone of Buchtel College, Ohio; Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D.D., of Omaha, Neb., and others. The occasion promises to be one of great interest.

Fargo, No. Dak.—The Fargo *Daily Forum* prints in full two sermons of Rev. William Ballou on "The Pullman Strike" and "The Socialistic Trend," in which the wrongs done to their workmen by the Pullman Company are clearly pointed out and strongly condemned.

Frankfort, Mich.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor held services in the large pavilion of the Park Hotel in this place on Sunday, August 5; and Mrs. Sunderland spoke in the same place Sunday, August 19. Large and appreciative audiences were present on both occasions. Frankfort is one of the most attractive places of summer resort on Lake Michigan.

Kansas.—A novel missionary movement has been undertaken by Mr. William Bland of Olsburg, a Unitarian who came into the State some years ago from England. He has fitted himself out with a travelling "van," or covered wagon, and goes from place to place exhibiting a camera obscura in the day-time, and speaking to such companies of people as he is able to gather together and distributing Unitarian literature in the evening. His "van" has upon its sides in large letters the words "Liberal Christianity Bureau." He distributes tracts which he receives from the American Unitarian Association, takes the names of persons who would like to receive more tracts from our Post-office Missions, speaks to the people about Unitarianism, answers questions, sells Unitarian books, etc. He has visited Manhattan, Randolph, Garrison, and several other places, and reports much interest among the people in the missionary side of his enterprise. This combination of entertainment, business, and missionary work is certainly unique.

Lancaster, N.H.—Rev. A. N. Somers begins September 12 a course of lectures planned to bring the people of Lancaster into closer relations of interest to the live questions of the day, and especially to bring them into more vital relations to the public library. The University Extension plan will be followed,—a brief and pointed lecture, to be followed by general discussion and class drills. A syllabus of the course will be distributed to those in attendance, with full references to the literature of the separate topics dealt with. The lectures are not intended to be exhaustive of the subjects discussed, but suggestive, aiming to excite thought and give direction to it. The aim will be to bring to busy but thoughtful people the methods and appliances of the higher education as administered in colleges and universities.

Pasadena, Cal.—A correspondent from this Eden of the world writes us as follows: "I enclose a thought which came to me the other day, during a most delightful outing. We had toiled up a steep, narrow trail for nine miles till we had reached Mt. Wilson, a peak of the San Bernardino Mountains, where we camped over night. On rising the following morning, a sight met our eyes which we shall never forget. There we stood, bathed in the glorious sunlight, while a heavy fog, advancing halfway up the mountain-side, hid from our view the entire San Gabriel valley. White and glistening in the morning light, it strongly resembled a vast polar sea, upon which we gazed with both awe and admiration. My thought took the form of the following lines":—

UPLIFTED.

We stood upon the mountain top,
  The bright sun round us shining:
We gazed upon the cloud below,
  And saw the silver lining.

Ah! dwellers in the vale beneath,
  'Tis but a type of what shall be
When through the mists of earth we break,
  And *rise to immortality!*

ANNIE E. PIERCE.

Peterboro, N.H.—A guild has just been organized in the Unitarian church here. Rev. George E. Littlefield, the pastor of the society, enthused the young people to take hold of the work, and a goodly number have already signed the simple bond of fellowship: "We unite in the spirit of Jesus for the worship of God and the welfare of man." The first meeting was held last Sunday evening, August 19; and from the manner in which the young people came out there can be but thoughts of success to the movement.

Shelbyville, Ill.—Rev. Jasper L. Douthit's son, Robert Collyer Douthit, who graduated at Meadville two years ago, and is now settled at Baraboo, Wis., was married on August 8 to Miss Alma L. McGilvra of this place.

St. Louis, Mo.—Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., recently of Seattle, Wash., now of San Francisco, was married here on July 18 to Miss Minna C. Sessinghaus.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, SEPTEMBER 24 TO 27.

Programme of Meetings.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

4 P.M. Meeting of the Council.

7.45 P.M. Sermon, Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

9 A.M. Communion Service, conducted by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D.

10 to 10.30 A.M. Introduction of the new President, Hon. George F. Hoar. Resolutions in memory of Hon. George William Curtis, late President of the Conference. Appointment of Committees, etc.

10.30 to 10.55 A.M. Report of the Council, by Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., Chairman.

10.55 A.M. to 12.45 P.M. Unitarian Work: reports and recommendations, by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D.D., Secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Secretary of the Women's National Alliance; Rev. D. M. Wilson, Superintendent for New England; Rev. D. W. Morehouse, Superintendent for Middle States and Canada; Rev. T. B. Forbush, Superintendent for Western States; Rev. G. L. Chaney, Superintendent for Southern States; Rev. C. W. Wendte, Superintendent for the Pacific Coast; Rev. A. W. Gould, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference; Rev. W. I. Lawrance, Report on Japanese Mission.

12.45 P.M. Report of Business Committee. Reception of Foreign Delegates.

1.30 P.M. Recess.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Meeting under the Auspices of Women's National Alliance,—"The Work of Unitarian Women: Retrospective and Prospective."

2.30. "The Western Women's Conference," Rev. Ida C. Hultin.

2.40. "The Pacific Coast Conference."

2.50. "The Religious Field," Mrs. J. T. Sunderland.

3.10. "Moral Enthusiasm," Rev. Marion Murdock.

3.30. "The Part of Liberal Women in the Community," Mrs. Charles G. Ames.

3.40. "The Young Women," Miss May White Ovington.

3.50. "The Work in India," Mrs. Judith W. Andrews.

4.00. "The Golden Bond," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

At the close of her address Mrs. Howe will recite the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

TUESDAY EVENING.

7.30. A Platform Meeting, with addresses by several of the younger Unitarian ministers. Chairman, Rev. S. M. Crothers.

"The Work of Church Extension in New Communities," Rev. Charles J. Staples.

"How can Existing Parishes be strengthened?" Rev. A. M. Lord.

"The Church in its Relation to Sociology," Rev. Christopher R. Eliot.

"The Church as a Social Prophet," Rev. Eugene R. Shippen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot.

10 to 11 A.M. The subject of "Regeneration" will be treated in two papers of thirty minutes each. The papers will be given by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer and Mr. Francis C. Lowell.

11 to 11.30 A.M. Discussion of the above papers by Rev. Charles E. St. John and Rev. William W. Fenn.

11.30 A.M. to 12 M. "What the Higher Criticism has done to restore to us the Real Historical Jesus," by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, of Manchester College, Oxford.

12 M. to 12.15 P.M. Report of Business Committee.

12.15 P.M. Report of the Committee on the Revision of the Constitution. (If necessary, the afternoon will be devoted to the consideration of the various projects for the revision of the Constitution and action thereon.)

4 P.M. Annual Meeting of the Women's National Alliance.

7.30 P.M. Missionary Mass Meeting, arranged and conducted by Rev. George Batchelor. Speakers to be announced.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Charles E. St. John.

10 to 10.30 A.M. "A Working Theory in Ethics," by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker.

10.30 to 11 A.M. Discussion on above paper.

11 to 11.30 A.M. "The Mutual Relations of the Catholic and Protestant Churches." A paper from the Catholic point of view will be given by Hon. Wm. D. Robinson of Connecticut.

11.30 A.M. to 12 M. Short papers on above subject, from the Protestant point of view, will be given by several gentlemen.

12 M. to 12.15 P.M. Business Committee.

12.15 P.M. Election of Officers.

3 P.M. Business session, if needed, for practical recommendations, resolutions, and general business.

4 P.M. Meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society.

7.30 P.M. The closing sermon will be preached by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke of London.

Persons desiring further information regarding the Conference can obtain it from Rev. D. W. Morehouse, 104 East 20th Street, New York.

JOTTINGS.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. *Bacon.*

Every hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.—*F. W. Faber.*

Duty is carrying on promptly and faithfully the affairs now before you. It is to fulfil the claims of to-day.—*Goethe.*

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Let not thy peace depend on the tongues of men; for, whether they judge well of thee or ill, thou art not on that account other than thyself.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

This culture of character which you have undertaken is a vast and complicated thing: it is not one thing, but many; and it demands equal watchfulness and effort in many directions, as to the thoughts, the passions, the words, the actions.—*Henry Ware.*

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes: organize victories out of mistakes.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Hand in hand with science I go, by the steps of development, back to the dawn of creation; and, when there, we review all the forces and their combination that have helped us to arrive, and both of us together break into a confession of a Force of forces. *John Weiss.*

It is our faith in the present which gives us our faith in the future. It is the earthly trust which leads us to the heavenly. It is human goodness and purity out of which we form our conception of the divine. It is this earthly life of ours in which all these great sanctities lie.—*Edward H. Hall.*

Without the resolution in your hearts to do good work so long as your right hands have motion in them, and to do it whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you, while, in once forming the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, now and forever.—*Ruskin.*

We speak of the ministry of sin, of suffering, of disappointment, of sorrow, and speak truly; but none of these "minister," not one, until they have been mastered. First our mastery, then their ministry. We say, "The Lord hath chastened us." Yes, but by summoning us to a wrestle in which it is our part never to let go.—*W. C. Gannett.*

I do not say, then, with Richter's dreamer, *Give me back my youth*, that wilful, undisciplined thing. My youth shines *before* me. I come from the west: I travel to the east. What is any monument to the advancing soul? It lives in the future. It leaves the past. It recollects not itself, and would not have us recollect it.—*C. A. Bartol.*

Books about the Bible.

The New Bible and its New Uses. By JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. 286 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

Multitudes of people to-day, both outside and inside the churches, are aware that the New Criticism, arisen in our age, has revealed a New Bible; and what they want to know, and in the simplest, most straightforward way, is this: What changes in our attitude toward the Bible are involved; and what new and wiser uses of it are made possible and necessary by these discoveries? Mr. Crooker's present work succinctly answers this query.

CONTENTS:

Introduction: The New Bible; I. Errors in the Bible; II. What the Bible claims for Itself: III. The Bible as Authority; Appendix: Contradictions in the Gospels.

Beliefs about the Bible. By M. J. SAVAGE. 206 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

CONTENTS:

The English Bible; The Text and the Canon; The Pentateuch; The Prophets; The Writings; The Bridge between the Testaments; The Epistles; The Gospels; The Religion of the Bible; The Morality of the Bible; The Present Use and Worth of the Bible; The Eternal Bible.

The Primitive Gospel and its "Life of Jesus." An Essay read before the Ministers' Institute, October, 1890. By S. R. CALTHROP. 49 pages. Paper, 25 cents.

The Problem of the Fourth Gospel. The Question of its Origin Stated and Discussed. By Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. 70 pages. Cloth, 50 cents. Paper, 25 cents.

The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel: External Evidences. By Prof. EZRA ABBOT, D.D. 104 pages. Cloth, 75 cents. Paper, 50 cents.

The Fourth Gospel, and Other Critical Essays. Selected from the published writings of the late Prof. EZRA ABBOT, D.D. 500 pages. Cloth, $3.50.

Commentary on the Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, Epistle to the Romans, Corinthians to Philemon, and Hebrews to Revelation. By Rev. ABIEL A. LIVERMORE. 6 vols. 12mo. The Gospels, in 2 vols., $2.50; the other four, $1.25 each.

All the above works are for sale by booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, . . . 141 Franklin St., Boston.

IMPORTANT WORKS BY

FRANCES POWER COBBE

The Duties of Women. A Course of Lectures. 193 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

"The profoundest, wisest, purest, noblest book in principle, aim, and tone yet written upon the *true position of woman in society.*"

The Peak in Darien: With Some Other Inquiries touching Concerns of the Soul and Body. An Octave of Essays. 266 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

"Vigorous in thought and style. We have read the volume through from preface to 'the end,' and enjoyed it."—*Watchman.*

The Scientific Spirit of the Age, and Other Pleas and Discussions. 243 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays 422 pages. Cloth, $2.00.

Some of the chapters: *Darwinism in Morals; Hereditary Piety; The Religion of Childhood; Prehistoric Religion; The Religions of the World; The Religions of the East; The Religion and Literature of India; Unconscious Cerebration; Dreams; The Evolution of Morals and Religion.*

Religious Duty. 311 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

A Faithless World. Cloth, $1.00.

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

Books of Value.

Members of One Body. Six Sermons by Rev. S. M. CROTHERS. 132 pages. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

CONTENTS: *I. Roman Catholicism; II. Calvinism; III. Methodism; IV. Rationalism; V. Mysticism; VI. The Unity of Christendom.*

In the whole list of Liberal Religious books, past and present, it would be hard to find any series of utterances freer with the true freedom—more ingenuous, more appreciative, more prophetic of the unity that is to be, more religiously "satisfying"—than Mr. Crothers gives us in these six discourses. The outline alone, which each chapter contains, of the stronger, more helpful points in the various schemes of religious thought and life discussed, renders the book invaluable.

The Evolution of Christianity. By M. J. SAVAGE. 178 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

CONTENTS: *Old World Religion; Judaism and its Hopes; Conditions when Christianity was born; Jesus and What he attempted; The Influence of the Christ Idea; The First Church and Paul; The Problem of the Trinity; The Church of Rome; Growth away from Jesus; The Protestant Revolution; Science and the Church; Free Christianity.*

"One would seek in vain for a more enlightened application of the scientific method to the history of religion; and one can believe that, if close reasoning and rational faith could convert, Mr. Savage's words might bear a message to those who are without the churches and within. One reads with pleasure and confidence and hopefulness, and finds the end come all too quickly."—*Boston Times.*

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

BOOKS OF BIOGRAPHY.

Louis Agassiz.

His Life and Correspondence. By ELIZABETH C. AGASSIZ. With Portraits and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt top, $2.50.

"No one can read the book without being stimulated, elevated, purified."—Prof. JOSEPH LE CONTE.

Robert Browning.

Personalia. By EDMUND GOSSE. With Portrait. 16mo, 75 cents.

Life and Letters. By Mrs. SUTHERLAND ORR. With Portrait and view of Browning's Study. Uniform with Browning's Works. *Riverside Edition*, 2 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, $3.00.

"A biography of the very first importance, and withal a work that for readableness and the admirable discretion shown in the choice and arrangement of material has hardly a rival among contemporary memoirs."—*Boston Beacon.*

Thomas Carlyle.

The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Portraits. 2 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, rough edges, $4.00; half calf, $8.00. *Library Edition.* 2 vols., 12mo, $3.00; half calf, $6.00.

"The memory of a fine friendship."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

William Henry Channing.

By O. B. FROTHINGHAM. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, gilt top, $2.00.

An admirable biography of one of the most philanthropic and saintly of men.

James Freeman Clarke.

Autobiography, Diary, Correspondence. Edited by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

"One of the richest, most charming pieces of biography ever issued from the Boston press."—*Christian Register*, Boston.

Christopher Columbus,

And how he received and imparted the Spirit of Discovery. By JUSTIN WINSOR. With a great number of curious Portraits, Maps, Plans, etc. 8vo, gilt top, $4.00.

"Dr. Winsor's work embodies the latest and most authoritative conclusions on the subject which the best European and American research and scholarship have reached."—Dr. W. F. POOLE.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

By JAMES ELLIOT CABOT. With a new Portrait. 2 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, $3.50; half calf, $6.00.

"An admirable memoir, full of solid interest."—*New York Tribune.*

"Such a character as his is the greatest and most beneficent of human achievements."—*Christian Union*, New York.

Dorothea Lynde Dix.

By FRANCIS TIFFANY. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, gilt top, $1.50.

"The most interesting biography of a woman that has appeared these later years. A priceless addition to the lives of noble and saintly women."—CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

Asa Gray.

Letters of Asa Gray. Edited by JANE LORING GRAY. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 2 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, $4.00.

"Vast good sense, good nature, scientific scope and energy are in these letters."—*Springfield Republican.*

Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. With Portraits and Vignettes. 2 vols., crown 8vo., $5.00; half morocco or half calf, $9.00.

An eminent English author pronounces this "the most important and interesting biographical work since Boswell's Johnson."

Abraham Lincoln.

By CARL SCHURZ. With new Portrait of Lincoln. 16mo, gilt top, $1.25.

"In outline and detail, the finest study of Lincoln that has been written in the same space."—*Christian Register*, Boston.

Abraham Lincoln.

By JOHN T. MORSE, Jr. In American Statesmen Series. With Map and a fine Portrait of Lincoln. 2 vols., 16mo, gilt top, $2.50; half morocco, $5.00.

"As a life of Lincoln, it has no competitors; as a political history of the Union side during the Civil War, it is the most comprehensive and, in proportion to its range, the most compact."—*Harvard Graduates' Magazine.*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

With Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. Including "Final Memorials." Edited by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. With Portraits and Illustrations. 3 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, $6.00; half calf, $9.00; half calf, gilt top, $9.75.

"It will take its place side by side with the standard Boswells of literature."—*Philadelphia Press.*

John Ruskin.

His Life and Works. By W. G. COLLINGWOOD. With several Portraits of Ruskin, reproductions of his original Sketches, Views of Brantwood, etc., and with a Chronology, Bibliography, and Catalogue of his Drawings. 2 vols., 8vo, $5.00.

"The volumes must have unrivalled interest for all students of the great writer's life."—*New York Times.*

Sir Walter Scott.

Familiar Letters of. With a fine Steel Portrait of Scott and an Autographic Plan of Abbotsford. 2 vols., 8vo, $5.00.

"In perusing these fascinating pages, we seem to live Sir Walter's life over again along with him."—*London Telegraph.*

Young Sir Henry Vane.

By JAMES K. HOSMER. With a Portrait, a Fac-simile of a Letter by Vane, and a copy of the Great Seal of the Commonwealth under Cromwell. 8vo, $4.00.

"The best and most enlightened biography extant of a singularly interesting figure in a singularly interesting era." *The Churchman*, New York.

****For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.